

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1882.

The Week.

It is cheering to witness the moral effect of the November elections upon Republican politicians in Congress. The business of the session has been taken in hand with a vigor and alertness not seen in a great many years. The session is little more than a week old, but the House of Representatives has already passed two important appropriation bills; bills to reduce internal-revenue taxes and tariff duties are vigorously taken in hand in committees; the idea that this time no River and Harbor Bill is to be passed finds general favor, almost as a matter of course; and the popularity which the cause of civil-service reform has suddenly won among Republican Senators and Representatives is fairly amazing. It is a period of signs and wonders. Here we behold Senator Hale, of Maine—the same Mr. Hale who last season made a powerful speech in defence of the Hubbell mode of levying political assessments upon public servants, which was considered worthy of the place of honor on the list of the unique documents published and circulated for the enlightenment of the American people by Mr. Hubbell's Committee—the same Mr. Hale exclaiming on Friday on the floor of the Senate, we suppose with a virtuous flush on his cheeks, "Do you suppose anybody here would vote against a proposition to strengthen the law prohibiting political assessments?" Mr. Hale will be in the front rank of those condemning that abominable abuse. Here is Mr. Allison, a member of Mr. Hubbell's Committee, who not only frankly agrees "that public sentiment has crystallized against the system of contributions from officeholders," but who "will go as far as any Senator to prohibit the soliciting of them." "Call up your Civil-Service Bill," says he, "and I shall give it my hearty support."

Steve French, Clint Wheeler, Mike Dady, Bob McCord, and John F. Smyth, some of the statesmen who have lately had charge of the affairs of the Republican party in this State, have all gone to Washington—a striking illustration of the serenity with which practical men meet the storms of adversity. If a parcel of "theorists" had taken charge of a State election, and had had a majority of 196,000 thrown against their candidate in a total vote of less than 878,000, they would unquestionably have disappeared from the public gaze for several months. Some would have gone to Europe; others would have buried themselves in their families and private affairs. All would have avoided large gatherings of every kind, social or political, and would, above all, have stayed away from Washington, which is full of political managers, by whom political mismanagement is considered peculiarly discreditable. But our statesmen seem to have such greatness of soul that they can go anywhere without a blush. It is said now that they have not only gone to Washington, but have gone to get

President Arthur to do what old toppers are said to do when they try to cure their morning headache by a little more of last night's whiskey—take some "of the hair of the dog that bit them." He has frankly acknowledged in his Message, in a way that does him great credit, that the voters object to arbitrary removals; so they propose, it is said, that he should make a few more. The Message they are said not to understand. It reads so strangely that they felt that nothing but a personal interview could clear it up. "Has 'Chet' Arthur," they ask each other—this being their pet name for the President—"lost his senses?" So they packed their gripsacks, got their hats ironed, and started for Washington. They want him, it is alleged, to "reorganize the party" by removing Postmaster Pearson, Collector Robertson, Appraiser Howard, and various other officers, and think, apparently, that when this is done the 196,000 majority who voted against Folger will vote the Republican ticket next time.

One of the things they desire earnestly is that Mr. Burt, the Naval Officer, whose term expires in February, shall not be reappointed. Mr. Burt is especially odious to them, both because he is an excellent officer, and because he has been the leading promoter of the competitive examinations in the Custom-house and an ardent civil-service reformer. So they want to substitute for him an ex-Congressman of their own set, known in the set as "Jimmy" Smart, but, we believe, absolutely unknown out of it either as a legislator or administrator. He is besieging the White House for Mr. Burt's place, and all the workers are working for him. That Mr. Burt's place ought not to be considered vacant because his term has expired, never occurs to any of them. For this reason we commend his case to the notice of Mr. Kasson, and all others in and out of Congress who think the civil service would be improved by the introduction of short fixed terms for all offices. Mr. Burt served for nine years in subordinate offices in the Custom-house before he was promoted to his present position, and this was, we believe, the first time in the history of the Government that any of the three leading places in the Custom-house was filled in this way. He is, in all respects, a first-rate example of fitness, both as regards character and capacity. In a properly conducted civil service, the thought of dropping him ought not to enter any one's head. The President ought not to be bothered for one moment about filling his place. And yet Smart, the ex-Congressman, who has no experience of business of any kind except the business of "fixing primaries," thinks he ought to get it, and all the bummers, heelers, workers, and henchmen think he ought to get it; and all of them who can afford the travelling expenses go on to Washington to help him to get it, and have Burt turned out. The Civil-Service Reform Bill framed by the House Committee actually proposes to bring 100,000 offices into the arena, once in every four years, to be scam-

bled for in this way, there being now less than 8,500 which "the boys" can get without making vacancies for the purpose.

The defendants in the Star-route case have adopted new tactics. Evidence is accumulating that they have organized a "literary bureau." Despatches and letters, remarkably like one another in tone and argument, are constantly appearing in various newspapers, trying to create the impression that Mr. Brady and ex-Senator Dorsey were malignantly persecuted by the late Postmaster-General James and the late Attorney-General MacVeagh, for no other reason than that Mr. Dorsey had opposed the appointment of these two gentlemen as Cabinet officers; and that Attorney-General Brewster is continuing that persecution from motives of general "cussedness" and depravity. They further seek to make the public believe, that the removal of certain Government officers on account of their demonstrative and active sympathy with the Star-route defendants means the beginning of a reign of terror, for the purpose of forcing a verdict of guilty. Messrs. Brady and Dorsey have apparently become so much afraid of a trial by jury that they would now rather essay a trial by newspaper first. They may indeed find an audience with that class of readers who are fond of spicy and sensational stories even when they are not true; but they will, after all, not gain much by it. For even if Messrs. MacVeagh and James and Brewster were as vindictive as Messrs. Brady and Dorsey try to make them out, the question would still recur whether Messrs. Brady and Dorsey did not actually engage in fraudulent practices and rob the Government.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, on Monday objected to the taking up of Mr. Pendleton's Civil-Service Reform Bill, on the ground that as the Democratic party had now a fair prospect of gaining possession of the Government, it would be imprudent to embarrass it, by a Civil-Service Reform Act, in the exercise of the power to put the Republicans out of the offices and to put the Democrats in. Mr. Brown has the reputation of being a very astute politician, but his shrewdness is evidently of the short-sighted kind. If the Democrats get into power, the possibility of which is admitted, there are several dangers the party will have to overcome in order to maintain itself there. One of these dangers is that the hungry hordes of Democratic office-seekers will make such a rush for the public plunder that the people will stand disgusted and horrified, and will be eager for an opportunity to take the power of the Government again out of the hands of such a crowd. Every wise Democrat will wish to prevent such an exhibition, and, inasmuch as it is certain that it cannot be prevented except by a law standing in the way, he will be in favor of the strictest civil-service reform bill that can be framed. Senator Brown evidently does not mean to stand among the wise men of his party.

Mr Eugene Hale is trying how not to do it by proposing a substitute for Mr. Beck's resolution of inquiry into the operations of Jay Hubbell's Committee among Government officers, so as to make the inquiry cover the collection of money by the Democratic Congressional Committee. The object of this is, of course, either to prevent inquiry altogether, or to make the field covered by it so large that nothing can come of it. With the Democratic modes of raising money for the canvass the public has no concern, any more than with the Republican modes of raising money, in so far as they do not include the extortion from Government employees of a percentage of the salaries paid by the United States Treasury, under thinly-disguised threats. What either party gets from others than Government officials, the public does not care. Now, the Democrats got nothing and attempted to get nothing from Government employees. Hubbell treated all Government employees as ex-officio Republicans. None dared to excuse himself on the ground that he was a Democrat and wished to send his money to the Democratic Committee. Indeed, Hubbell assumed that every clerk was so much interested in the defeat of the Democrats that he must consider it a "privilege and a pleasure" to pay something toward bringing it about.

Of course, what Mr. Hale seeks is by an appeal to the widespread and well-founded belief that the "Democrats are just as bad," to divert popular attention from the real issue. No reform whatever would be possible if we were prevented from punishing or restraining the wrongdoing of the party in power by the consideration that the Opposition would do the same thing if it got a chance. In politics we have to concern ourselves with acts and not with states of mind. It would in criminal justice be the height of folly to refrain from punishing one clerk in a store for embezzlement because the character of another clerk was bad. In like manner, it would be the height of folly now to pardon everything to the Republicans on the plea that their opponents are unscrupulous. The first and great concern of those who wish to keep the Republican party in power should be the stoppage of all practices on the part of the managers which contributed to the late defeats. That the levying by Congressmen of contributions from Government clerks, of which they rendered no account, was one of these practices, no one denies. If the Beck investigation will help to stop it, let us have it, therefore. It is not surprising that Mr. Hale should not like it, because he was not only a member of Hubbell's Committee, but composed a little discourse in defence of political assessments, which Hubbell sold at, we believe, fifty cents the hundred, or about cost, although he gave out that he wanted the assessments to aid him in distributing documents gratis.

The report of the Tariff Commission, although more enlightened than it was generally expected to be, contains some very glaring absurdities. For instance, while re-

commending a reduction of duties amounting to twenty or twenty-five per cent. upon the existing scale, it makes an exception of lumber and timber, thereby keeping in force the existing bounty of twenty per cent. offered for the destruction of our rapidly lessening forest area. Although we are a lumber-exporting country to a large extent, we put a duty of twenty per cent. on the importation. This is an absurdity on its face, but there is a reason for it, if we search far enough to find it. Our lumber exports are from the Southern and the Pacific States. Our lumber imports are from Canada, reaching us chiefly through the Northern lake ports. It is to encourage the lumbermen of Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota to strip the ground of its pine as swiftly as possible that we maintain a duty of twenty per cent. on Canadian timber. Mr. T. G. Shearman, in a recent lecture before the Revenue Reform Club of Brooklyn, remarked truly that instead of offering a bounty of 20 per cent. for the destruction of our remaining forests, we ought rather to pay a bounty for the importation of lumber from abroad in order to preserve our forest area as long as possible. In fact, the Government is at this moment offering bounties to persons for growing timber on the public lands. To offer a premium at the same time for cutting it down is a solemn mockery, which ought to strike both gods and men with awe. Why, then, should the Tariff Commission, in proposing a general and wholesome reduction of duties, make special exception of an article whose supply among us is limited, and whose preservation is of the greatest importance for sanitary and climatic as well as industrial reasons? Lumber ought to have been put on the free list. Instead of this the Commission have put on the free list spices—an article of luxury, yielding more than \$1,000,000 per annum, one of the series of things best fitted in the whole list of imports to be retained as a permanent source of revenue.

The cigar-makers, or certain of them, in this city, have drawn up a petition to Congress praying for a repeal of the tax on cigars. In support of this petition they say that, "unlike any other occupation in this country, our labor is proscribed and the free use of our skill makes us criminals in the eyes of the law. This species of oppression we have endured for the past twenty years, realizing that the necessities of the Government required an internal tax upon those things which are commonly known as luxuries," etc. We are unable to see how the cigar makers can contrive to get into the criminal class without taking the bankers along with them as companions. Both are subjected to an internal-revenue tax, and if the one class are to be put into the category of malefactors, the other should be put there also. Are we to suppose that all persons earning an income were "criminals in the eyes of the law" while the income tax was in force? There is such a thing as overstating your case, and this is what the cigar-makers have done. They go on to say that there are many other things in use in this country which are better entitled to be classed as luxuries than cigars, but they forbear to mention them. Their petition con-

cludes by saying that whenever changes are proposed in the law stagnation, idleness, and suffering ensue in the trade. This is true; and so far as the present suffering is concerned they ought to hold Judge Kelley, Mr. Randall, and their coadjutors on the Committee of Ways and Means responsible for it, since they are the persons who have called for the change. The dealers in tobacco and cigars ask for a rebate equal to the tax upon all stocks that have paid the existing tax. This they would be clearly entitled to if the Kelley bill should become a law, of which, however, we see no immediate danger.

There could hardly be a more elevating spectacle than the way in which Mr. Blaine's antagonists occasionally lend a hand in getting him out of the scrapes into which his remarkable facundity so often plunges him. When he avowed his friendship for Bosler, and his desire that he should go to Congress, Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, knowing Bosler, declared his belief that Mr. Blaine could not have known him, or he would not have commended him. In like manner Captain Phelps, one of the corporators of the proposed Nicaragua Canal Company, being asked by a reporter how he accounted for Mr. Blaine's recent deliverances about the Canal and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, declared that "he must have been misquoted in the interview, for it was not possible that a gentleman of his extensive and complete knowledge of events transpiring in and out of Congress should have been so wholly ignorant of the subject of the interview." This is very touching, but Mr. Blaine ought not to abuse this great kindness by drawing on it too often.

If any one wants to know why homicide is such a prominent feature of Southern life, and why it exercises such an unfavorable influence on the material and social progress of the South, he will find it in such telegrams as the following, which appeared in the morning papers of Tuesday:

ATLANTA, Ga., December 11.—To-day Governor Stephens issued a pardon to Capt. E. Cox, who was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Penitentiary for the murder of Col. Robert A. Alston, at this place, in 1879. The murder and trial created a profound sensation, owing to the prominence of the parties.

Cox committed an unusually brutal business homicide. He did not like the terms on which Mr. Alston had disposed of his interest in a contract for convict labor which they held jointly. So he began threatening to kill him, and followed him about, challenging him to fight in the old familiar fashion. Finally he attacked him in one of the public offices in the State House. Shots were exchanged, and Alston fell dead. There was the usual sensational trial, with weeping and hysterics, but Cox was found guilty and sentenced to the State prison for life. There was not one softening feature in the crime. Every social, moral, and commercial interest of the State called for his prompt execution, or, failing this, for his perpetual imprisonment. He is no more fit to go at large in a civilized community than a tiger, or an elephant in a condition of "must," and yet he is discharged after three years' confinement. What wonder if

the Georgia boys feel "cavalierish," and the pistol and shotgun business flourishes, and prudent investors keep clear of the South!

The Speaker of the Mississippi House of Representatives, Mr. Tison, has just been killed in a typical social homicide, at Jackson, in that State. It seems there was "domestic trouble" in the family of the Speaker's brother, which led to the two Tisons and their two sons giving a terrible beating to a Baltimore merchant named Saunders, which laid Saunders up for a good while. Now, most Speakers would have been satisfied with this. The Speaker of any Northern Legislature, or the Speaker of the House of Representatives in Washington, or of the House of Commons, or the presiding officer of the French or Italian Parliaments, would have undoubtedly dismissed Saunders from his mind after having given him a severe thrashing. Not so Speaker Tison. While Saunders was confined to his room, Tison went about, in the regular old Southern fashion, threatening to kill Saunders as soon as he got well, and of course the news was brought to Saunders by sympathizing friends, who were doubtless smacking their lips over the prospect of a beautiful street fight; and the inhabitants of Baldwin were getting their "gloom" ready for this "shocking tragedy." Saunders was equal to the occasion. He thought no more of applying to the law for protection, and having the Speaker arrested, than Stanley or Brazza would have done if he had heard that a chief on the banks of the Congo had laid a little ambuscade for him. On Monday last the doctors for the first time allowed him to leave the house, and he issued forth with his old family shotgun, and meeting Mr. Speaker shot him dead on the spot. The event is much deplored and regretted in and about Baldwin, where the parties were well known and highly respected. We advise Saunders now to keep a sharp eye on the surviving Tison brother and the two Tison boys.

Miss Stokes has been acquitted by the Arkansas jury on the charge of murdering Miss Melinda Stephens. After the trial she requested the jury to call on her at her room, that she might thank them in person, which they did in a body, when she gave way to "hysterical expressions of grief" mixed with thanks. We need hardly say that the jurymen wept freely. Further details of the affair throw doubt on the alleged high social position of the parties to the tragedy. If Miss Stephens was, as she was at first reported, working in a flower-garden and receiving the morning call of some mounted friends, when they quarrelled, it was easy to believe that they "moved in the best circles." But if the Stephens girls, as is now said, were working in a field when Miss Stokes rode up to ask Mrs. Stephens "what Jane was mad at her for, and what she said she was going to whip her for"; and if Mrs. Stephens replied "that it was for the lies she had been telling or hiring others to tell"; and if at this point the gallant old grandmother of the Stephens family, Mrs. Kesterton, appeared on the scene, and advised "Lindy"

Stephens "to pull off her horse and beat to death" "anybody who had talked about her mother, as she (Miss Stokes) had talked about hers"—if all this be true, the ladies in the fray were not exactly "society girls," or "belles," or anything of that sort. It was when endeavoring to carry out her aged grandmother's injunctions, by dragging Miss Stokes off her horse, that Miss Melinda received the fatal stab which was inflicted with a clasp-knife.

There was a new variety of homicide, which might be called vicarious homicide, produced in North Carolina on Thursday. Mr. Nelson, a young farmer, called at Mr. Martin's house for a visit, and in a conversation with Miss Martin got the worst of it in a somewhat acrid chat. He thereupon announced his intention of shooting some of her friends, and accordingly shot her brother, who was sitting by the fireside, dead. Vicarious homicide, however, does not seem to have secured popular recognition as legitimate, for the sheriff's posse started after Mr. Nelson, who was wounded, and, we presume, captured. It would certainly be a very serious matter if men were liable to punishment with the shotgun for all the indiscretions of speech of their female relatives.

The news from London on Friday, that serious changes in the composition of the British Ministry are impending, has probably caused no great surprise in England. It was well known that Mr. Gladstone could not, at his age, much longer hold both the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, besides leading his party in the House. The burden was too great even for a younger man, and Mr. Gladstone long ago made known that it was but a temporary arrangement. His retirement from office altogether, too, is intimated, is not far off, and this, also, is probably a by no means unexpected announcement. He has set the Liberal party on its legs, and by the changes in procedure given its majority powers which the majority has never had in Parliament before. Its legislative programme, too, has been pretty clearly sketched out under his direction, and a very vigorous set of younger men has within the last ten years come forward to take charge of it. Lord Hartington, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Courtney make a little phalanx to which the Conservatives have nothing to oppose, and they are by this time pretty well imbued, it is to be presumed, with Gladstonian ideas. They are now, it is said, to be reinforced by Lord Derby, whose accession, both as the great apostle of common sense, or rather of what is called here "horse sense," and as a great nobleman, will do something to make the party less alarming to the landed class. It is well, too, the most ardent admirer of Mr. Gladstone must admit, for him to withdraw from the work of active management while his influence is still unshaken and his power unabated. The defect of his statesmanship has been that he is too much to his party. He not only dominates it, but provides it with its ideas. A good Liberal of late has been too apt to be simply a man who believed in Mr. Gladstone, and was ready to "say ditto" to Mr. Glad-

stone. The consequence of this state of things is that if Mr. Gladstone were suddenly cut off, it would leave the party in great confusion. It is much better for its interest that he should withdraw gradually, while his counsels can still be had, and get the party accustomed to following other leaders, before he passes finally from the scene.

The first of the rumored changes in the British Cabinet has been announced. Lord Derby has accepted the Secretaryship for India. The others will probably follow soon. Still, there must be more or less uncertainty and complication caused by the serious illness of Mr. Fawcett, the Postmaster-General, and of Mr. Childers, the Secretary for War, although the former is not in the Cabinet. In the new arrangement it appears almost certain that Sir Charles Dilke, now Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and one of the coming men, if not the coming man, will get a seat in the Cabinet. The fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's service in the House was celebrated on Tuesday in London with much editorial eulogy and reminiscence from both sides in politics. He must indeed be a bitter enemy of the Premier who can look back over his career without feeling a glow of admiration for all that he has done, and much wonder at all that he has seen. The England of 1832, in which he entered on public life, is, it is no exaggeration to say, an England that has passed all but completely away, and nobody, living or dead, has contributed more to the production of the new and better England which has taken its place than Mr. Gladstone. The Journals of the House of Commons, and the Statutes of the Realm during the Victorian Age, make him a monument such as no other Englishman has left behind him, and a single glance at it—if it could be all taken in at a glance—makes all mention of his faults seem almost absurd, as well as ignoble.

One of the principal aims of Prince Bismarck's policy is to make the Imperial Government more and more independent of the Parliamentary power. His scheme to change the annual budget into a biennial one—that, is to have all appropriations of money made for two years—which would of course give the Government much greater freedom of action, and relieve it of the unwelcome frequency of a critical overhauling, runs in that line. But since the Liberals and the Clericals in the Reichstag have united in opposition to this scheme it is certain to be defeated. It is reported by cable that the Prussian Government will introduce in the Bundesrath a motion in favor of increasing the timber duties with a view to deriving a larger revenue from the forests. Like other measures recently resorted to by the German Government, this is to fill the treasury by increasing the cost of the necessities of life. The first effect of such an impost in a country like Germany is to limit the consumption of the article made dear by taxation, and so this increase of tariff duty is likely to result in decreasing the consumption of timber by building houses and in other ways, instead of increasing the revenue from the Government forests.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY December 6, to TUESDAY, December 12, 1884, inclusive.]

DOMESTIC.

In the House on Wednesday, after a long debate, a bill was passed giving to the State of Georgia \$35,000, which was expended in 1777 for the common defence. On Thursday the Indian Appropriation Bill was passed. The bill appropriates \$5,208,955, which is \$274,200 less than the appropriations for the current year, and \$1,516,766 less than the estimates. The reductions were principally on the items for subsistence. On Friday a bill for the relief of the officers and crew of the *Monitor*, which participated in the action with the Rebel iron-clad *Merrimac*, on March 9, 1862, was defeated.

On Saturday the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill was passed by the House. The bill appropriates \$1,258,253, which is a decrease of \$78,250 from the amount appropriated for the current year. The most important changes proposed in the bill are the consolidation of the Paraguayan and Brazilian, and the Uruguayan and Argentine Republic missions; provisions for a Minister Resident in Siam; the restoration of the consulship at Algiers, and the establishment of a new consulate at Malta; an increase of \$10,000 in the appropriation for consular officers not citizens of the United States; and a special contribution of \$1,350 for international weights and measures.

On Saturday Mr. Page, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce in the House, demanded the passage of a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to furnish certain information in regard to the river and harbor appropriations, and then proceeded to defend the River and Harbor Bill in a violent manner. He was followed by Messrs. Robeson, Reagan, Horr, and McLean in the same strain.

The House Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads has unanimously agreed to report favorably a bill fixing the rate of domestic letter postage at two cents.

The Select Committee of the House on Civil-Service Reform reported a bill to improve the civil service on Saturday. The bill is to apply to clerks of all classes and grades. In making appointments the principle of pro-rata apportionment among the several States and Territories is to be observed. All first appointments are to be probationary for a period of time not less than three months nor more than one year, in the discretion of the appointing officer, at the end of which time the applicant shall receive appointment for a term of four years, and shall not be removed during this term except for cause; and, after having rendered faithful service during said term, shall be entitled to one reappointment. Removals are to be made only for specified causes. A Civil-Service Board, to be designated by the President, and which shall consist of three officers who shall have been confirmed by the Senate, of whom not more than one shall be taken from any one executive department, shall have cognizance of all cases of complaints for removal, and of all charges and specifications, with the answers thereto.

The Senate on Wednesday discussed the bill establishing a uniform system of bankruptcy. On Thursday Senator Brown, of Georgia, introduced a bill to repeal all internal-revenue taxes, and Senator Beck, of Kentucky, called up his resolution for an investigation into the collection of political assessments from officeholders during the recent campaign. Senator Hale thought that if the conduct of the last campaign was to be investigated, the investigation ought to extend to both parties, and offered a substitute for Senator Beck's resolution ordering the Judiciary Committee to investigate the doings of the Democratic as well as the Republican Congressional Committee. Senator Beck objected to the substitute, and on Friday a lively debate ensued on the question of the adoption of two resolutions.

Several amendments to the Pendleton Civil-Service Bill were reported from the Committee on Tuesday in the Senate. Two of them prohibit the solicitation or collection of contributions for political purposes by officers or employees of the Government. Another amendment proposes to reduce the number of Civil-Service Commissioners to three, at a salary of \$4,500. Several others propose to define in a general way the character of the examination. Senator Pendleton made a speech advocating the bill. It is believed by those who are closely watching the course of legislation concerning civil-service reform that the Pendleton bill is gaining ground in the Senate, and that it will have the determined support of a number of Republicans.

Senator Hawley has introduced a bill into the Senate to prevent officers of the United States from collecting subscriptions or assessments from each other. The bill provides that no member or member-elect of either House of Congress, nor any officer or employee of the United States shall, directly or indirectly, solicit or receive or be in any way concerned in soliciting or receiving any assessment, subscription, or contribution for any political purpose whatever from any person receiving any compensation from moneys derived from the Treasury of the United States, under penalty of being punished for a misdemeanor by a fine not exceeding \$5,000, or imprisonment for a term not exceeding three years, or both.

In the Senate, on Monday, the Lowell Bankruptcy Bill was substituted for the Judiciary Committee's bill by a vote of 34 to 30.

In the House, Mr. Belmont made a speech in opposition to the Nicaragua Canal Bill, and the bill for the collection of taxes in the District of Columbia was passed.

Secretary Folger decided a question of some interest in connection with Chinese immigration on Wednesday. A Chinaman residing at Portland, Oregon, wished to bring his wife and child, who were in Victoria, British Columbia, to Portland, and the Collector at Portland asked for instructions. Secretary Folger decided that the wife partook of the status of her husband, and was entitled to the same privileges. The Collector was therefore instructed to permit the wife to come to Portland.

The certificate of awards made by the Garfield Board of Audit was presented to the Secretary of the Treasury on Tuesday. Warrants for the amounts allowed each individual included in the list will be issued at once, so that the payments can be made by Thursday or Friday.

The preliminary motions in the Star-route trials are being argued before Judge Wylie in Washington. The Court has refused to grant the motion to postpone the trial on account of the alleged blindness of Dorsey, which, Mr. Ingersoll said, would make it impossible for him to attend the trial. Judge Wylie also made an important decision on Monday, reversing his former one, and placing the prosecution and the defence on a more equal footing in the matter of selecting the jury. In the former trial there were eight defendants, and they each of them had four peremptory challenges, but in the coming trial the six defendants will only have four peremptory challenges altogether, while the Government will have three.

The report of the Connecticut Board of Health says the disease that has been most common throughout the State during the fall months is typhoid fever, and that so extensive is its prevalence at the present time that there seems to be a pandemic wave of typhoid fever, nor does it seem to be at all confined to the regions affected by malaria. The increased frequency of nervous diseases is alluded to in the report.

The total vote for Secretary of State of Iowa at the recent election was as follows:

Hall, Republican, 149,059; Walker, Democrat, 112,180; Gaston, Greenback, 30,817. Hall's plurality, 36,871, majority, 5,704.

A newly issued Census Bulletin gives statistics of manufactures, from which it appears that the number of manufacturing establishments in the United States in 1880 was 253,840, and the amount of capital invested in manufacturing was \$2,790,223,506, but General Walker says that these last figures are untrustworthy, and he regards it as doubtful whether this amount represents one-fourth of the capital actually contributed to the annual gross product.

Several of the leading companies and operators engaged in the production of petroleum in Pennsylvania have signed an agreement to stop drilling from December 15 to May 15.

An Indian chief named Juh and a band of Indians have murdered, in Mexico, a band of thirty men who started to punish them for some depredations. The pursuers were surrounded by 200 Indians, and sent for assistance, but before the relief party could reach them the massacre was accomplished.

The transit of the planet Venus across the sun was observed by astronomers at various points throughout the continent of North America on Wednesday. In the United States and Canada the early part of the day was cloudy, and the results obtained at some points were somewhat unsatisfactory, but on the whole the transit was much more successfully observed than the last one.

FOREIGN.

The London *Times* says that it has reason to believe that soon after Christmas Lord Derby will be invited to join the Cabinet; that the Right Hon. Hugh C. Childers, now Secretary of War, will become Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that Sir Charles Dilke, at present Under Foreign Secretary, will enter the Cabinet. The *Times* adds that these changes may be the precursors of even more important ones, and that it is possible that before the end of the next session of Parliament Mr. Gladstone may consider himself entitled to retire, in which contingency there is little doubt that Lord Hartington will become Prime Minister.

The London *Daily News* on Monday stated that it was understood that Lord Derby would immediately enter the Cabinet, and that no other change than that made necessary by this step would occur before the meeting of Parliament.

The election in Liverpool for the seat in the House of Commons made vacant by the elevation to the peerage of Viscount Sandon took place on Friday, and resulted in the return of Mr. Samuel Smith, Moderate Liberal, who received 18,208 votes, against 17,879 votes for Mr. Forwood, the Conservative candidate. This is looked upon as a great triumph for the Ministry, as Liverpool has been a Conservative stronghold.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, member of Parliament for Westmeath, in a speech on Sunday evening at Trim, County Meath, said he was there to show the Government that neither the Irish people nor their leaders were dismayed by the prosecutions. He advised the people to pay all their creditors before paying their rents. He urged organization, and endorsed all that Mr. Davitt had said in the speech for which he is being prosecuted. The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says that Mr. Davitt intends to subpoena Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Trevelyan to depose at his trial as to the influence of the agitation in Ireland on the passage of the Land Bill.

The trial of the three men charged with the murder of the two Huddys was begun in Dublin on Thursday. It is said that it will depend upon the result of this trial whether the murderers of Detective Cox will be tried by jury or by a commission of three judges. On Saturday, notwithstanding the fact that the Judge's charge was strongly against the

prisoners, the jury after an hour's deliberation failed to agree. On Monday the second trial was commenced.

Mr. Parnell has lodged a petition in the Land Court for the sale of his property in County Wicklow. The extent of the property was given as five thousand acres, and the total incumbrances as £13,000.

From an instalment of the last Irish census, which has just been published, it appears that in the ten years from 1871 to 1881 there was a decrease of 47,222 in the number of inhabited houses. The statistics of marriage are also significant of the absence of prosperity, fifty per cent. of the men and nearly forty-five per cent. of the women being unmarried. The police barracks average fifty to each county and six or seven constables to each barrack. The number of agrarian outrages in Ireland during the month of November was eighty-nine.

A great fire broke out in London on Thursday night. The whole block between London Wall, Philip Lane, Addle Street, and Wood Street, with the exception of two or three warehouses, was destroyed. The burned area extended over two acres. Eight hundred persons were thrown out of employment, and the total loss is estimated at £3,000,000. On Wednesday night, after the performance, the Royal Alhambra Theatre in London was destroyed by fire.

The returns issued by the Board of Trade in England show that during the month of November British imports increased £632,000 and exports decreased £420,000, as compared with the same month of last year.

The funeral of the Archbishop of Canterbury took place at Addington on Friday. The service was performed by the Vicar of Addington, and the Archbishop of York pronounced the benediction. The funeral was attended by a large assemblage.

A great snow-storm prevailed in the United Kingdom on Thursday. Telegraphic communication between London and Glasgow was interrupted, and traffic on the railroads in many districts entirely suspended.

Mahmud Samy, Abdellal Pasha, Ali Fehmy, and Tulba Pasha were arraigned on Thursday. They pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to death, but their sentences were commuted to exile for life by the Khedive. Arabi has been exiled to Ceylon. Mahmud Fehmy, Arabi's military engineer, and Yacub Samy, his Under Secretary of War, have also been sentenced to exile. A peaceful demonstration of several thousand of the poorer members of the foreign colony at Alexandria was made on Sunday, before the consulates of the great Powers, to protest against delay in the payment of indemnity for losses sustained during the bombardment of Alexandria. Nearly all the consuls promised to send telegrams to their respective governments representing the demands of the people. The French Consul expressed an apprehension that long delay in the payment of the indemnity would cause serious disturbances among the lower classes. A despatch from Cairo on Tuesday said it was expected that in a few days a decree would be issued degrading Arabi and the other condemned Pashas, and ordering the confiscation of their property. Lord Dufferin is reported to be opposed to the restoration of the Chamber of Notables. The subject of popular representation in Egypt will be considered after the questions of the Army and the native courts have been settled. The *London Times* says that it understands that Egypt will contribute £3,200 monthly toward the expenses of the army of occupation. A high law officer will shortly go to Egypt from England, for the purpose of arranging judicature affairs there.

It was announced on Thursday that England had offered France the permanent Presidency of the Debt Commission, which would give France the exclusive management of the Egyptian revenues. It is stated, however,

that the French Government has refused this proposal, on the ground that its acceptance would make necessary the maintenance of impartiality, which would debar France from defending her interests.

Colonel Stewart, who was sent to the Sudan to investigate the condition of the country, telegraphed from Khartum, under date of the 9th instant, that the False Prophet had been repulsed, and that Khartum was safe.

The French Chamber of Deputies adopted the estimates of the Minister of Commerce on Wednesday. On Thursday a motion was made in the Chamber that the tax on personal property be increased, but it was rejected by a vote of 332 to 132. On Friday the Budget was adopted by a vote of 54 to 46. On Saturday the Senate passed unanimously a vote of credit for 1,000,000 francs to relieve the sufferers by the floods in the Seine district.

In the debate on the extraordinary budget in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday, M. Tirard, Minister of Finance, explained the financial situation. He said that the deficit of 65,000,000 francs in the budget for 1882 was more apparent than real, as 100,000,000 francs had been devoted to the redemption of the public debt; moreover, that the deficit for 1883 would not reach 1,000,000 francs. The Government, he said, was determined to oppose all fresh expenditure not strictly justified. He insisted upon the necessity of carrying out public works by instalments. M. Tirard's speech was received with great demonstrations of approval.

The French Senate, by a vote of 138 to 87, passed an appropriation of 10,000 francs for the expenses of the funeral of Louis Blanc, who died last week. At the funeral, which took place with much circumstance on Tuesday, an address by Victor Hugo was read.

M. Édouard Pailleron, poet and dramatist, and M. Charles de Mazade, publicist and historian, have been elected members of the French Academy.

The floods in Paris caused by the rise of the River Seine threatened to become very serious on Sunday. The water had reached the heart of the city, and rose to a level with the streets. The cellars of the Foreign Office were flooded, while the Notre Dame quarter swarmed with rats driven out from the sewers, and the people were suffering from their depredations. The water is now subsiding.

The losses by the floods in the valley of the Rhine, Mosel, and Main Rivers will be considerable. The loss in the Rhenish districts will amount to millions of marks, the damage to the town of Duisburg alone amounting to one million. The King of Bavaria has given 40,000 marks to assist the people rendered destitute by the floods.

In the German Reichstag on Monday a motion to refer the budgets for 1883-4 and 1884-5 to the Budget Committee for the purpose of having the Committee consider whether or not the objections to the system of biennial budgets have a solid foundation, was rejected. It is stated that the defeat of the biennial budget scheme is certain. During the discussion of the budget on Saturday Herr Richter made an attack upon the protectionists, in the course of which he declared that the interdiction of the importation of American pork was much less a sanitary than a protectionist measure.

The Chambers of Commerce of all the seaports of Germany have protested against the exclusion of American pork, but it is understood that the Government will persevere in the determination to prohibit its importation.

A despatch from Rome reports that the negotiations between M. de Giers, the Russian Foreign Minister, and the Vatican, have resulted in the latter agreeing to contribute to the eradication of the disaffection in Poland, in return for Russia's agreement to allow the Consistory to preconize Polish bishops.

The festival of St. George was celebrated in St. Petersburg on Friday. A banquet was held at the Winter Palace at which the Czar proposed the health of Emperor William, of Germany, which was drunk with enthusiasm.

A despatch from St. Petersburg on Sunday stated that the *Novoe Vremya* newspaper said that the Prefect had ordered the police to expel all Jews residing within the municipal boundaries of St. Petersburg without official permission, and that the *Golos* said the Senate had decided that Jews are incapable of holding landed property in Russia.

The extensive emigration from the mountain districts of Hungary to America has caused the Hungarian Government to request Austria to stop emigrants not provided with passports.

The Spanish "Red Book" has been distributed. It contains a note in which Spain demands that the United States shall not enjoy the exclusive right of intervention in connection with the Panama Canal.

In the Spanish Senate on Wednesday, Marshal Serrano delivered a speech explaining the programme of his party. He declared that he was a partisan of the Constitution of 1869, but believed it susceptible of modification. He desired the establishment of universal suffrage, legalization of civil marriage, reform of the general administration of War and Marine, reduction of taxation, improvement of the national credit, and liberty of the press and public worship. He believed that the Monarchy under King Alfonso was compatible with the Constitution of 1869. Señor Sagasta, President of the Council, replied to Marshal Serrano's speech. He said that he was glad to hear that Marshal Serrano was a partisan of the present dynasty, and maintained that he had carried out a better programme than that just announced by Serrano. He reminded the Senate that the Democratic party had accepted the Constitution of 1876, which guaranteed the principle of monarchy. He regretted that the Conservatives supported Marshal Serrano. A resolution was then offered declaring that any modification of the Constitution would be dangerous, and unpatriotic, and contrary to the will of the nation. This resolution was, on Thursday, upheld by a vote of 116 to 61.

At a meeting of Spanish Republicans in Madrid on Sunday a coalition of Republicans of all shades of political belief was resolved upon. Señor Salmeron advised the party not to oppose Marshal Serrano's programme, as the restoration of the Constitution of 1869 would promote the development of Republican principles.

The Spanish Ministry has resolved to present a bill in the Cortes authorizing, subject to slight limitations, the free introduction of cereals, in order to relieve the distress in Andalusia.

Signor Bertani, the acknowledged leader of the Italian Radicals, took the oath of allegiance to the King on Wednesday.

It is reported that China is making great preparations to resist French designs on Tonquin, and telegrams from Saigon report that 10,000 Chinese troops have crossed the Tonquin frontier.

The *Diario Oficial*, of Lima, Peru, has published a telegram from General Pierola announcing his inability to accept the unreasonable proposals of Chili, and stating that he has deferred his return to Peru until more favorable conditions present themselves.

The Mexican Government has made contracts for the establishment in Paris of a permanent exhibition of Mexican products, with branches in various French cities, the object being to increase Mexican commerce.

A fire destroyed the business portion of Kingston, Jamaica, on Monday, destroying property valued at millions of pounds sterling, and leaving hundreds of persons homeless and in need of food.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

WE have to warn the public that, in spite of the recent very emphatic and undisputed condemnation by the voters of the spoils system in the civil service—a condemnation so emphatic and undisputed that it has even made the President ready to accept the Pendleton bill—there are signs of an intention on the part of the Civil-Service Committee of the House to get rid of the whole subject by a bill of their own, which it is not too much to pronounce “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.” But we would warn the Committee also, and the Republican members of both Houses generally, that if they suppose they can shirk their responsibility in this matter, and put the public conscience to sleep, and get the party ready for a decent appearance in 1884 by a mere pretence of reform, they are hugely mistaken. It is ten years at least since such a bill as the Committee now proposes would have satisfied public expectations. Since then there has been too much discussion of the subject, too much familiarity with the various dodges, tricks, and evasions by which politicians have sought to avoid dealing with the question, to make the success of this last one possible, even as a palliative. It will not only not reform the civil service, but it will not put the party right before the country on the question of civil-service reform. It is recorded that when

“The devil got sick, the devil a saint would be”; but it is not recorded that he had any success as a saint, or imposed on anybody. The lesson of his experiment is that nobody can be devil and saint at the same time, or, to translate it into political parlance, that you cannot save a political abuse by pretending to reform it.

The bill on which Messrs. Briggs, Kasson, Horr, and Tucker are said to have agreed, provides for the appointment of Government clerks on probation. This would be in no way an improvement in practice on the present system of appointment by Congressional favor. In fact, it would be an attempt to disguise the evils of appointment by Congressional favor by a sham probation. The places would still be filled, as now, by Congressmen with their own retainers, fit or unfit, and they would compel the head of the department, by the very influence they now exert, to treat the probation as satisfactory if they wished to have the man retained, or unsatisfactory if they wanted his place for somebody else. No system of appointment, in short, can be a remedy for the present evils which makes admission to the service depend on any man's favor; and members of Congress may as well get rid of the idea that they can satisfy the public with any change which does not divest them of the power of quartering their dependents on the United States Treasury.

The bill would provide for a fixed term of office for clerks of four or six years, during which they would not be removable except for cause. This, so far from creating greater stability of tenure, creates less. It extends the operation of the act of 1820, making the term of office four years, which now only reaches about 3,500 officers, to all officers in the service of the Government—or, in other

words, makes a great and alarming extension of the spoils system. The act of 1820, which was undoubtedly passed to make office-jobbing easy, which was condemned by all the ablest statesmen of the day, and which has in its working amply fulfilled their predictions, only covers accounting officers—that is, officers through whose hands public money passes and whose nomination has to be confirmed by the Senate. It does not reach the remainder of the 110,000 who now hold during good behavior, tempered by occasional arbitrary removals for political reasons. But taking into account these removals, which have considerably diminished of late years under the reform outcry, the average length of service is eight or ten years. The proposed bill would, therefore, practically reduce the length of the term.

In addition to this it would diminish every officeholder's sense of stability. A competent and faithful officer now feels that in the present state of public opinion he is not likely to be dismissed unless the appointing power can provide an excuse for dismissing him which will bear public scrutiny. The proposed bill would, however, furnish the appointing power not only with the authority to make a large number of vacancies every four or six years, but with an apparent justification for making them. It would enable the President or head of a department to say, when making sweeping changes, that Congress had deliberately made such changes a feature of public policy. He would not need to apologize for making them, or to conceal them, or give reasons for them. He would, in fact, every year be able to provide for the politicians more spoils than now fall to their share in eight or ten years, and, to crown all, he would be able to call this monstrous perversion of his trust the execution of a measure of reform.

Though last not least, the bill by making vacancies in 100,000 offices at stated periods, and giving notice to all the world when these vacancies will occur, would practically put every place up at a periodical auction, at which all the tricksters, intriguers, bummers, heelers, henchmen, and ne'er-do-weels of every kind and description would be bidders. As the close of a faithful officer's term drew near, all the Guiteaus in the country would know of it, and go to Washington to “work” for it. At present they are discouraged by not knowing when a vacancy is like to be made, and the appointing power, which the President says is already overwhelmed by the applications, is able to get rid of them or keep them at a distance by telling them that no vacancy exists. The bill provides, in short, for a repetition, on a scale such as the world has never seen before, of the scramble for office which took place in Washington after Jackson came into power, and which Josiah Quincy likened to the fighting of a herd of bogs for access to the trough, in a passage which, as a vivid description of a beastly scene, has but few parallels in the literature of invective. We warn the House Committee that their contrivance will not do. The country will not stand it. The day for postponements and shams has gone by.

THE MARTYRDOM OF STATESMANSHIP.

THERE was an interesting debate in the House of Representatives last Saturday. The advocates of the famous River and Harbor Bill, the support of which has cost so many statesmen their seats, “set themselves right before the country”; or, rather, they proved to their own satisfaction how grievously an ungrateful and deluded people had wronged them. Had they voted for a bill taking \$18,000,000, or a large part of that sum, out of the public treasury for a number of profligate jobs, as a licentious press had made the people believe? By no means. They had merely endeavored to promote works of public usefulness, aye, of public necessity. They had sought to improve the water-ways of the country for the purpose of fitting them for a healthy competition with the railroad monopolies. It was the cause of the people against the grasping corporations they had faithfully and courageously endeavored to serve by putting through the River and Harbor Bill, with its \$18,000,000 appropriation, and by voting down the President's veto. And for their fidelity to this sacred cause they had been made to suffer. And for this they had been slandered and maligned by the metropolitan press, which wants to prevent the improvement of all other harbors so that the commerce of New York alone may flourish, and which is intent upon keeping the Mississippi in an unnavigable state so that the railroads may have the carrying trade of the country all to themselves. And thus the gallant Page, of California, went down, and thus that noble Roman, Robeson, of New Jersey, succumbed to the five railroads he has in the district which formerly was his and now is to be somebody else's. And in order to demonstrate that they suffered for a good cause and deserved wreaths of laurel rather than crowns of thorns, they want the Secretary of War to report upon the meritorious character of the objects which the eighteen millions appropriated by the River and Harbor Bill was to promote.

Well, let us have that report from the Secretary of War by all means. Let the character of those objects have the fullest investigation. Let virtue be vindicated, though that vindication come in some cases after punishment. The metropolitan press will, we hope, not seek to forestall the judgment. It may, however, in the meantime have to say for itself that it has, in a considerable majority, vigorously advocated the removal of the tolls from the Erie Canal, so that its competition with the railroad monopoly may be made more effective than it ever has been, and that, while opposing the squandering of money upon trout-streams and gravel-beds, it is always found in favor of any rational measure to improve and develop to the utmost the carrying capacity of the Mississippi, or any other waterway of a national character. It only objects to the trick of making such measures a vehicle to carry through jobs which are neither national nor rational; and in this respect it is likely to hold its ground.

But we have a piece of advice for the aggrieved statesmen. There are undoubtedly

some among them who voted for the River and Harbor Bill, with all its jobs, for the reason that it contained some appropriations of national importance and usefulness. We admit that it did. It would be remarkable, indeed, if a bill appropriating \$18,000,000 for a great variety of ends had not some meritorious ones among them. The Congressmen who were guided by such reasons may plead that their offence was only an error of judgment, and that, as they had to share the fate of the bad company in which they were found, the verdict in their case should be tempered with compassion. Let them now consider how they got into that scrape. Had the different objects for which the \$18,000,000 appropriation was made, instead of being rolled together in a single bill, been before them in separate and distinct legislative enactments, they would have voted for the good ones and against the bad ones. Or, had the President possessed the power to veto the appropriations for the bad objects, permitting those for the good ones to stand, they would have sustained the President's veto, and would not now be in need of a post-mortem vindication. They should now at least avail themselves of every opportunity to protect their successors against similar dangers.

There is pending before the House of Representatives a constitutional amendment, introduced by Mr. Flower, which is to give the President the power to veto parts of an appropriation bill without covering the whole bill with his veto. It is the same power already possessed, under our State Constitution, by the Governor of New York; and it is the unanimous opinion of the people of this State that the exercise of that power has been uniformly beneficial to the public interest. It has saved this State many millions of dollars, prevented all kinds of jobbery, and kept politicians out of endless mischief. The same system prevails in thirteen other States, and is alike successful in all of them. There is no reason why, in the hands of the President, such a power should not be equally productive of good. President Arthur recommends its adoption in his message. We are also of the opinion that, if such a constitutional amendment were submitted to the State Legislatures, it would soon have the requisite majority. The only thing necessary would seem to be that it pass the two Houses of Congress. There it will undoubtedly meet with opposition. The jobbers and log-rollers will all be against it. But that is a good reason why Senators and Representatives who are not jobbers and log-rollers should be in favor of it. Now, we suggest to those members of Congress who, as they thought last season, had to swallow some bad jobs for the purpose of serving other and meritorious ends, and who had to suffer for it, that the present session of Congress would be an excellent time for carrying through such a constitutional amendment. Let them resolutely put their shoulders to the wheel, and, aided by the present temper of the country, they may succeed in coupling their names with a very great reform.

Of course, it will require some time to obtain the consent of the State Legislatures. But

President Arthur in his message covers this gap by another and most excellent suggestion. It is, that different appropriations for different objects be made by separate bills, each bill covering one object, instead of many different appropriations, for many different objects, being put together into one bill. Omnibus appropriation bills will thus be avoided, each appropriation will have to stand upon its own merits, and Congressmen will have the fullest opportunity to discriminate between them. Nobody who wants to improve the Mississippi will have to vote thousands of dollars for the improvement of Gravel Run at the same time. It may be said that this will make the appropriation business very cumbersome; but that will be the beauty of it. The more cumbersome the voting of an appropriation for Gravel Run becomes the better. For the meritorious objects there will be time enough. If the President's proposition were at once embodied in the rules of the Senate and of the House of Representatives, it might keep Congress out of much mischief until the constitutional amendment was passed. We repeat, it is well enough that the Secretary of War be called upon to say all he has to say about the late River and Harbor Bill; but the time the House of Representatives has devoted to the discussion of the call for information would have been better spent by taking up Mr. Flower's constitutional amendment, and the President's excellent suggestion as to a change of the rules concerning appropriations.

WHY CAPITAL DOES NOT FLOW INTO THE SOUTH.

THERE was news last Friday of the execution of four negro murderers and of the lynching of one at the South. This is good, except the lynching. We trust the news of the execution of the white murderers will now soon begin to come in, and under the term murderers we include any man who has sent notice to somebody that he meant to shoot him "at sight," and has then come on him unawares and killed him in cold blood.

One reason why we recur to the subject is that it is very important to the South from a business point of view. Very large amounts of capital, both European and Northern, have during the past ten years been invested in farm mortgages all over the Northwest. Some of these investments are made on a great scale through indemnity companies, others directly by capitalists or trustees. They are made in sums of \$200 and upward to small and large farmers—people who in many cases have nothing but their land to offer as security. Now, there is every reason in the world why some of this money should go to the South, where the social conditions good. Its climate is mild, the soil is fertile, and some of its products are surer of a good market than any of those of the North. But the truth is that a Southern farmer cannot borrow abroad. We believe there is only one loan company—a Scotch one—investing any money in the South, and it is only just beginning. The Southern planter who wants money has to run in debt to his factor at rates made up in various ways—not much under twenty per cent. He ought to be able to borrow at the North, as the North-

western farmer does, at six or eight per cent. Even in Southern cities of a commercial character, loans are not attractive to capitalists, and real estate is somewhat of a drug in the market. We know of a case recently where a capitalist refused an investment, on excellent security, in a Southern city, to take a lower rate of interest, on no better security, two or three hundred miles further North in a Northern State, and among the reasons which he gave for refusing all Southern loans, was the fear that his agents in collecting interest might encounter the shotgun. We believe the loan companies generally make it a rule to lend no money at the South. We are sure no prudent Northern trustee lends money on Southern farming lands, though trustees lend millions on farming lands in the Northwest. In fact, we think it might be said without exaggeration that nearly all the foreign capital which has gone into the South since the war has gone into railroads which the owners control, and which are conducted on a cash basis, and that the amount advanced to Southern men to develop the natural resources of their country is exceedingly small.

Now, the reason which these investors all give for avoiding the South is, that if they have to foreclose a farm mortgage, there is no sale for the land, and they are compelled to hold it themselves. There is no rising tide of industrious and intelligent white population—German, Swede, Norwegian, and Irish—to buy up every farm which is thrown on the market on which a fair living can be made, as there is in Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Oregon, Kansas, and Nebraska. Moreover, if they lend to the Southern farmer, and things go wrong, they shrink from having trouble of any kind with an angry, unsuccessful Southerner. They do not know what may come of it, but they vaguely fear some "unpleasantness." Agents are not ready to go down South as collectors of unpaid interest in out-of-the-way districts. Every man born in any of the countries which now send emigrants to the United States dreads a region where, if some one should threaten to kill him, the law will do nothing for his protection, and his neighbors will do nothing for his protection, and he will leave his home every morning fearing that he may meet his enemy and return no more.

Southerners may scoff at these fears, and say that such cases are rare. But they occur by the dozen in all parts of the country—or in sufficient numbers to create a sensible risk, that impresses the imagination, which men from countries where the law is all-powerful will not run if they have families, or are not of an adventurous spirit, for any profit which agriculture in the South offers. In short, our belief is that the suppression by law of the practice of "shooting at sight," and the stern punishment of uttering threats to kill, and of carrying deadly weapons, would be worth within the next fifteen years hundreds of millions of money, and many hundreds of thousands of white immigrants to the Southern States—would, in fact, effect a complete transformation of the South from all points of view.

LOUIS BLANC.

THE death of Louis Blanc makes another gap in the now small circle of the survivors of those who saw in the troubles of 1848 the beginning of a regeneration of society. He was one of the band of young writers who came on the stage immediately after the Revolution of 1830, and soon made a very conspicuous figure among the Parisian journalists and authors whose activity was so prominent a characteristic of Louis Philippe's reign. Probably no government ever came so near being newspaper government as that of Louis Philippe was. We do not mean by this, government by public opinion moulded by newspapers, but government under the direct personal influence in the capital of editors of newspapers and contributors to newspapers. Thiers, Guizot, Carrel, Grardin, all became great personages under the régime of 1830, without having anything behind them but articles in the daily press and in magazines.

Louis Blanc was too radical to become a Minister, but he became a power before he was thirty, simply by editing or writing for journals of very small circulation, and for the most part of very brief existence. He started the first periodical, the *Revue du Progrès*, which licked into shape the socialistic ideas that began to show themselves as soon as France got rest from the wars of the Empire, and, indeed, he may be said to have produced the first scheme which attracted general attention for making the state a wholesale employer of labor. The famous formula—"From each according to his capacity, to each according to his wants"—was not original with him, but he brought it into the political forum, and when the Revolution of 1848 came, he had prepared a large proportion of the working population in the great cities to believe in it as a practical basis for the reorganization of society.

His accession to power, when the Moderates helped the Reds to overthrow the Orleans dynasty, was inevitable, and, with him as the strongest man in the Provisional Government, the trial of the famous experiment of the "National Workshops" was also inevitable. It was, of course, an immense failure, and the disappointment it produced brought on the bloody insurrection of June, 1849, and prepared the way for the Man on Horseback. The angry reaction of the property-holders against Socialism compelled Louis Blanc to fly to England, where he remained in honorable exile for twenty-one years, only returning to France in 1870, when she was in the grasp of the Germans. That he believed in the state organization of labor firmly there is no reason to question, and that he ever really changed his belief there is no reason for supposing. His life in London was one of great dignity and literary industry, and he won the respect of a large body of English friends, including men of all parties. His letters to Paris papers on English social and political life, between 1850 and 1870, were so remarkable for their fairness and acumen that he attained to the position, which Englishmen accord to but very few foreigners, that of a critic worth listening to on their own affairs. His opinions on contemporary Eng-

lish politics were constantly quoted by the London press with a good deal of respect.

After his return to political life in France, he connected himself at once with the Extreme Left, and spoke and voted with them on all questions to the last, and was invariably supported by the Communist element in the population, showing the continued faith of his followers in his fidelity. Politics were never to him—and, indeed, are not to any Frenchman of his school—an experimental science. He started out in life with a stock of political principles, as a man starts out with the Ten Commandments, or any other code of morals; and difficulties or failures in the way of carrying them out no more caused him to question their value than ill fortune makes an upright man question the expediency of honesty. But he was among the very last of his kind. The Socialist leaders who have succeeded him have no system; they do not preach his gospel. State Socialism in France may, in fact, be said to have died with him. Those who are coming after have either gone over to co-operation, or have resolved on the total destruction of everything now existing before giving any thought to what is to take its place. He was an interesting and in many ways a noble character, but belonged to a closed era.

TO THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP.

RICHMOND, November 28, 1882.

THE Great Dismal Swamp boat did not leave till three o'clock in the afternoon. It so happened that her license held good till the 23d of November, inclusive, and here was November 24. It was necessary for her to have a new one before she could sail with the proper consciousness of being able, in case of disaster, to shuffle off the responsibility on some one else. The inspectors did not arrive. The skipper assured me they had been sent for, by buggy, several times, but it was due to their dignity as officials at first not to be found, then not to come until they got ready. Otherwise, we should have been off at 6 A.M. I had had a charming journey in the Old Dominion steamer from New York to Norfolk. Instead of being tempestuous, as might naturally have been expected at this time of the year, both sea and atmosphere took their cue from the South which we approached. The water was as calm as that of the smoothest river; azure blue besides, and covered with a multitude of sails, mostly those of wood and lumber barks going North. At night the moon, exactly full, shone with a milk-like aspect in a faintly misty atmosphere. Having thus arrived at Norfolk under circumstances to soften the temper of the most austere, I was moved to venture southward into the Great Dismal Swamp, concerning which I had had from my earliest days a great curiosity. The large tract in lower Virginia and upper Carolina, dotted with conventional tree marks, and bearing this title in the school geography, seemed full of wonders.

Few Norfolk people have been to the Swamp, and I was advised as to the best means of getting there with that uncertain, deliberative look which it is never safe to trust. A hotel proprietor, after consulting with all his acquaintances, promised with a kind of cheery despair to let me know all about it before morning. An editor advised the taking of a train to Suffolk, with a view of getting down from there by a branch canal which the county map seems to indicate. "But suppose I should find that I could not get down from there?" I said. "Oh, then you could

come back, you know," he offered as a happy solution. Some insisted that there was no canal from Suffolk, but that you could drive; others, that there was a canal, but no boats, while the idea of a road was preposterous. However, it does not do to push too far people who are trying to help you, and I trust I left to my informants a share of their self-respect. All agreed that Lake Drummond was the point to be aimed for; that without this—the heart and supply reservoir of the Swamp—its most distinctive feature would be missed. I found that there was a canal in good and regular standing extending through the whole tract to Elizabeth City, on the Pasquotank River, and that the *Thomas Newton*, propeller, was in the habit of making the trip to the terminus one day and returning the next. It did not go to Lake Drummond, it is true, which is three miles distant from the canal at its nearest point, but by degrees it dawned upon the skipper that a small boat might perhaps be obtained at a place he called Dukeses Wharf to complete the connection. The only question was, as the day waned, where I was to be left over night; but we all took the chances on that in the end, and I remained aboard.

The adventures of the long day until the hour of sailing, if set down, would be of the same kind as those in Howells's "A Day's Pleasure." Hope was crushed to earth with the coming of every man not a tatterdemalion, coal-black negro down the wharf, and rose again with his successor. Having no standard of comparison, it was difficult to tell what a Norfolk inspector would be like. We dined on board, and the excellence of the cookery is really worth remarking upon. The good Virginia beef, boiled ham, sweet potatoes, and corn bread, supplied by our grotesque negro cook in his white cap, were of a quality which is by no means surpassed as a rule in the hotels of this section, even at Richmond. We studied the cut and equipment of our boat. She was a double-decker of forty-seven tons burden. She was preposterously high and narrow, being limited as to width by the exigencies of the canal. Her speed was also limited, we found, to four miles an hour, for fear of washing out the canal banks. At length the inspector, a taciturn man with a broad back and a thick lead-pencil, which he often moistened in his mouth, was discovered to have been some time on board, and to be nearly through his labors. Nothing now remained to be secured but the signature of another inspector in another part of the town. This was done within an hour and a half, and we were off.

The canal makes out of the western branch of the Elizabeth River, due south of Norfolk. We steamed past a comfortable-looking marine hospital, backed by a tall grove of pine trees, then past the famous Gosport Navy-yard, evacuated and burned by our own forces a week after the attack on Sumter. General Mahone, since prominent in modern Virginia politics, was at the time President of the Petersburg Railroad. He ran empty trains up and down all night on his road, making the locomotives whistle and scream to the top of their capacity, with the object—in which he succeeded—of making the Union troops believe that the Rebels were mustering in force and thus causing them to leave their work incomplete. At the entrance lock an extremely ragged old negro, the "Uncle Snow" of the minstrel companies, slowly raised the gates for us. The water which came rushing out of them was, underneath the foam, of the color of port. Taken out in a glass it is of a rich amber tone. It is known as "juniper water," and is, as we had found at dinner, the favorite beverage of the section. It is supposed to be strongly impregnated from the juniper trees around the bases of which it flows, and to contain also sarsa-

parilla. An enterprising person is said to have lately begun bottling it for the New York market. It is certain that it contains plenty of vegetable mould of some kind, and that it appears to do the inhabitants no great harm.

On entering the canal there is no overarching of dark foliage with funereal moss depending from it, as might have been expected. On the contrary, at the left there is a considerable dry wide space with a good road upon it, bare of vegetation other than grass and weeds, and interspersed with corn-fields. On the right is a straggling expanse of forest bushes, vines, and reeds; the black gum, now denuded of its foliage, and numerous other trees blasted by fire, jutting out in a mournful way from the green. There are no snakes, no alligators, and few glimpses even of stagnant pools. Surprise continues to grow at the civilized appearance of things. One begins to doubt the existence of a swamp at all. The Great Dismal Swamp has in fact been much reduced in extent. It contains, strange as it may seem, some of the best farming land in either State; a railroad runs across a portion of it, and it is perhaps on its way to final extinction. Still, when one looks out at the impenetrable tangle on shore and learns that he might flounder through it for ten or fifteen miles before striking real terra firma, it is dismal enough. It was a certain Colonel Byrd, it seems, to whom was assigned the task of running a survey across it as far back as the year 1727, and was able to make but a mile a day in his journey, who gave it its name. It covers an extent of about twenty-five miles by twelve. Lake Drummond, in its centre—a sheet of water more than five miles long and three wide, though often estimated of much larger dimensions—is at the top of a knoll higher than any part of the surrounding area. By exhausting this lake, therefore, the swamp could be drained. It is more profitable, however, in its present condition. The great industry of the Swamp is lumbering. It is penetrated by small ditches, in connection with the larger canals, and by rude tram-roads, which haul the juniper, holly, and cypress logs down to be sawed up into shingles, railroad ties, fencing, and telegraph posts by mills conveniently placed. The lumbermen engaged in this work cluster together in temporary huts. If there be other residents of the swamp, successors to the fugitive slaves of whom it used once to be full, they are very few. The real dwellers in it are said never to die, but to dry up, or to be preserved from decay at least by their forests, like clothing contained in a juniper chest.

I had many of these details from a most courteous and kindly old gentleman of the old school. He was going down, with his small family and an orphan girl whom he had had bound out to him from the asylum, to his place at South Mills, on the canal, which he described as a pleasant and thriving village. Before the war he had been the owner of a hundred slaves. He had met no less than six of them employed as waiters at the hotel where we had just been stopping. The elders among them still call him Master, and all pay an extra attention to his wants. He complained of the difficulty of getting labor and of the poor quality of it.

"The young generation," he said, "will not work steadily. They cannot be depended upon. It is all politics, religion, and frolic with them. Their religion has no effect in making them conscientious and reliable. They are the greatest politicians the world ever saw. The only way to get work out of them is to find some old man with a slave bringing-up who has some boys, give him a piece of land and look after him, and he will manage to keep the boys at it."

He was a colonel—that goes without saying. The only wonder was, that with a presence of

such dignity and an experience of many years, as it appeared, in the North Carolina Legislature, he should not have risen to the grade of general. This was accounted for by the fact that he was one of the few to foresee the horrors of the war and to speak against secession to the last moment, though he ultimately joined the movement. Though a patriotic Confederate when once the die was cast, Jefferson Davis, his President, bearing this in mind, obstinately refused to advance him to higher posts, which I have no doubt he merited.

I did not proceed far enough to see South Mills, but there was another witness on board to testify that it was a place of attractions. This was a young lady who was addressed after the Southern fashion as, let us say, Miz Molly. She was a minister's daughter and had been to Norfolk to attend conference. South Mills, she said, had 250 inhabitants. It was a social, lively place, and she preferred it to any other in the world. Three other girls had come down early in the morning to see her off, but their patience had been exhausted by the inspector. "I am awfully glad to get rid of yo' all," Miss Molly had screamed after them as they went away. Her manners were good, those of the Colonel's lady were even better, and their local accent certainly very agreeable. In short, they were not at all the kind of persons one would naturally expect to describe as his fellow-travellers into the benighted Dismal Swamp. Miss Molly gave me, unsolicited, her opinion of the negro question, and I was not imprudent enough to argue it with her. "I do despise a negro," she said, "more than 'most anything in this world, I reckon. I got no use for 'em anyhow. If one of 'em was to sit down at the same table with me, I'd get up and go hungry. The teacher down our way is almost white, and she's a graduate of Raleigh College. It don't make any difference. No money would hire me to do it. I'd get up and go hungry."

We passed the village and locks of Deep Creek. Some years ago, when shingles were made by hand, Deep Creek was a flourishing, ambitious settlement, full of money, which was gambled away in great sums at a sitting. Now that the machine has usurped the place of hand labor and its principal industry gone elsewhere, it is a mere knot of houses and a shabby store and bar-room or two, with their shutters principally up. Roper, a Northern man, come in since the war, is doing a prosperous business in cutting up shingles and staves for juniper buckets—"Every clip a shingle," commented our skipper in admiration, as the sharp broken song of the saws rang out upon the air.

The sun set red over the dark forest. Some scattering negro huts with a few cornstalks around them, and a negro with an axe returning from the forest, were seen. Then the perfect full moon came up. The tall narrow *Thomas Newton* plodded steadily onward her four miles an hour, displacing a great deal of water, which rushed backward in a surf-like wave on each side, yet so discreetly as not to harm the banks of the canal. What with natural scenery, and the counsels of the skipper, the Colonel, Miss Molly, and others upon my new situation, it seemed all too soon when eight o'clock arrived and I was set ashore. It had been determined that I had better be left at "Wallace's," a mile this side of Duke's Wharf. At Wallace's accordingly, in the heart of the Great Dismal Swamp, of a bright moonlight night, I was left. There were several of the name, the most well-to-do family in all the section round about, and their white farm-houses, granaries, store, and saw-mill could be seen clustered near together. I made a bargain with a negro boy to have a row-boat ready for me at seven in the morning, to take me to

the Feeder, as it is called, and so up into Lake Drummond. It should be explained that Lake Drummond through this feeder furnishes the main water supply for the canal. In the house were found refined and hospitable people, children who had been sent away from home to be educated, the magazines and other good reading matter.

I was awakened out of a sound sleep by a loud knocking at the door below. It was not yet day-break, and the air was very raw and chilly. I made sure that it was my attendant come to announce the boat as in readiness. It seemed a dismal swamp indeed that required the getting out of bed at that hour to penetrate to its dark lake. Fortunately this proved a false alarm; it was but little past midnight, in fact, and the boatman, with the promptitude of his race, did not arrive till a good hour and a half after the appointed time, when the sun was high and genial in the heavens. His name was David Taylor. He had brought a ponderous old yawl, with a pole and a bit of broken oar as means of propulsion. He at first undertook to scull the boat, while I walked briskly along the tow-path for the exercise, but he made at the rate of hardly more than a mile in two days. Then I took a rope from the bow over my shoulder with the design of pulling him on while he kept the boat off in the stream. This proceeding appeared to impress David Taylor by its vigor, and he inquired if I was not from the North. He was not able to keep the craft from running at every moment into the bushes. This would never do, as I wished to return by noon, in order to get back to Norfolk at night. By my order he abandoned the yawl, and we hurried on to Duke's Wharf, where we were fortunate enough to secure a light skiff with two pairs of oars. Duke's Wharf is simply a store and shipping point for lumber kept by one Duke.

The narrow little feeder, of about the dimensions of a good irrigation canal on the Pacific Slope, was entered soon after this. The wind sprang up dead against us, but the vegetation shielded us from it in the main. There were no great gloomy trees here more than before, but the reeds, vines, and underbrush constituted a maze that seemed hopeless to penetrate. Bunches of gall-berries and the red seed berries of the wild rose were prominent in front. In summer there are said to be plenty of moccasin snakes. When there is a fire in the woods it drives them out, with bears and other denizens of the thickets, in great numbers. Such fires are not infrequent, and they often take a hold that is unknown elsewhere, burning into the very vitals of the ground. There are in places deposits of dry vegetable matter ten and twelve feet deep before any soil is arrived at, and this constitutes inflammable material. It is thought by some that the bed of Lake Drummond itself may have been formed in this way, a vast hole having been burned at the summit of the knoll, and afterward filled by the springs. Through the fires and constant lumbering of a hundred years the great primitive junipers have been destroyed. Those now sought, though of good size, are of hardly more than twelve years' growth. Washington was the owner of a large body of lands in the Swamp, and recommended the cutting of the canal, which was one of the earliest works of its kind in our country. It was navigated in small boats, and shingles and lumber got out to go to the West Indies, before the close of the last century. The latest locks, of the improved and widened system, were put in about 1831. It fell into difficulties of one sort and another after the war, and a work which had cost more than \$1,000,000 was sold for \$275,000. It is now in the hands of a management which seems able to draw from the transport of the cotton, garden truck,

and other matters, in addition to lumber, which pass up and down on it, a shrewd profit.

We met with some large lumber barges, or lighters, empty and full, going to or returning from a principal camp on the far side of Lake Drummond. The negroes on them seemed of a wilder, more essentially Ethiopian sort than those we are accustomed to at the North. Those having the empty barges in charge propelled them by walking on the slight, swampy tow-path and throwing their weight in a picturesque way on long poles attached to thole-pins on the sides. At a final lock near the lake lived a lonely, spiritless gate-keeper, in a house which had been carried down by the weight of its brick chimney into the spongy ground, and imitated in its poor way the leaning tower of Pisa. By it stood a persimmon tree hanging full of over-ripe fruit, which made the eyes of David Taylor sparkle.

"If it was me," he said in a tone of regret at such shiftless waste, "I would have me some good beer out of it befo' Christmas." "Beer out of persimmons?" "Yes; you get you a good barrel—a flour or cider barrel—put in plenty o' persimmons; then you put you in your water, plenty o' water; then let stand, then I reckon you put you in a little mo' water. In 'bout fo' six weeks you got you some right smart good beer."

The three miles up the narrow feeder, with the wind and current against us, had seemed interminable, but it was over. Beyond the lock was a charming reach of quieter wide canal. It was completely overarched, and the sunshine struck through the foliage, mellowed by the tints of autumn, making a most genial golden-green bower of it. But now was seen a striking and mysterious spectacle. The wind, which was shorn of force in this quiet bower, was driving up the waters of the lake into a powerful surf. The white-capped breakers were running at the edge of the dark blue turbulent expanse in an angry and quite terrifying way. "Better not cross the lake to-day unless you are water-birds!" the lock-keeper had told us, and it was useless indeed to try. We went out a little way, however, till we were pitched and tossed about in lively fashion, and pounded upon one of the stumps hidden like rocks below the surface. Then we made under the lee of a little islet, formed by the knotted roots of a couple of trees growing out of the water, and held fast a while for the view to a tangle of vines twisting about them. If the place were once a haunt of runaway slaves, the condition must have been hard indeed to which this would be preferred. A man might sleep, perchance, by lashing himself securely in among these vines, but he would not have a foot of earth to stand upon. The water is often six feet and more in depth among the trees, but in front of us, amid the dashing waves, rose isolated cypresses, some black, some weather-worn gray, with broad bases, tower-like, with openings between their gnarled roots, and a scanty russet foliage above. Here and there project the fangs of rotted black stumps. The line of distant forest, all around the great expanse, was a line of bare stems taking a faint violet tone in their remoteness across the troubled dark blue. What a *non me tangere* place! Absolutely not a landing spot in all its margins. It might be a new punishment added to the Inferno to conceive a storm-driven bark seeking haplessly round and round it in search of one.

The return, with everything favoring, was made in very much quicker time. We left our skiff again at Duke's, and I had an opportunity, under the guidance of my hospitable host, of examining the mills and farms by daylight. The whole establishment was like a great piece of Yankee enterprise, and by no means in accord with conventional traditions of the Southern

way of doing things. The principal farm building was a real mansion; the smaller, comfortable low cottages, their porches clad with honeysuckle. One would fancy himself among the richest agricultural lands of central New York or the Illinois prairies. Some one thousand acres of land were here under cultivation, carefully drained, and giving a great yield of corn and hay. The raising of hay is a new experiment and has proved very successful. A considerable quantity of rice was also raised, on the dry, instead of the flooded system, as further south, but gave less to the acre, I was told, than at South Mills, nearer Elizabeth City. The land upon which the scattering black gum, useless itself as timber, grows is excellently adapted to agriculture. That which contains juniper, on the other hand, is comparatively worthless when the timber is cut off. Gen. B. F. Butler, whose proceedings in so many ways we have been accustomed to find remarkable, conceived some years ago a notable project with regard to this section. He was a member of Congress at the time, and a bill was introduced to facilitate it. He proposed to make the Dismal Swamp Canal a ship canal, buy up, with the aid of a company, a half mile of land on each side of it, clear it off, and make a truck patch, similar to those about Norfolk, for supplying vegetables to the Northern cities. It was then not too long after the war, and Butler still rested under a peculiar odium from it. He is said to have been jeered at and grievously insulted even by the hackman who drove him out to the site of operations, so that he threw up the project in disgust, and it has never since been revived.

I was driven back to Portsmouth, opposite Norfolk, sixteen miles, in late afternoon, behind a horse whose driver said of him: "I don't reckon there is a more willin' horse anywheres around than this. He'd go till he dropped." And he did indeed show evidences of this peculiar kind of ambition. We passed the sedate *Thomas Newton*, on her return trip, to-day, standing up out of the water like a small light-house, within eight miles, though she had had two hours the start of us. We went over an excellent piece of shell road the last half of the way from Deep Creek. The fields along the way were as green with grass, turnips, and rutabagas as in summer.

W. H. B.

ENGLAND—THE SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTIONS.

LONDON, November 27, 1882.

ONCE in every three years the management of our elementary schools comes up before the people on the occasion of the election of the members to serve on the various School Boards established over England by the Elementary Education Act of 1870. Before that year there was no such thing as public local school administration. Large sums were dispensed by the national exchequer as grants to primary schools, but these schools were private affairs, established by individuals or societies, supported to some extent by their subscriptions, and under state control only in so far as that a Government inspector visited each of them once a year and examined their pupils for the purpose of awarding the grants. The ancient system of local government in parishes and counties had, of course, nothing to do with education. Even at the Reformation it was only by the establishment of endowed schools here and there that anything was done to provide for what we now consider among the first of national needs. For a decade or more before 1870 it had been felt that some general provision of schools for the people was needed; but their establishment was delayed by disputes over what was called "the religious difficulty." A very large number of schools in connection with the Church

of England had been set up, partly by private subscriptions, partly by building grants from the state. A considerable number, also founded by subscription with the aid of grants, were in the hands of the Roman Catholics, or of the Wesleyans, or of a powerful association, supported by the Nonconformists, called the British and Foreign School Society. When it was proposed to create public schools under public management everywhere, the friends of denominational schools were up in arms, because they feared the extinction of these existing schools. So also were the clergy of the Established Church and of the Roman Catholic Church, together with the great bulk of the Conservative party, because it was feared that such new schools would have a secular, and therefore an irreligious, character. Was there to be any religious teaching; and if so, what? Could there be any religious teaching except what was definitely denominational? Must not the alternative to such teaching be the total exclusion of the Bible, and would not that be a national misfortune? These were the questions, debated with much earnestness and heat, which impeded the settlement of the question.

However, at last the pressure became too strong to be resisted. The political influence of the Anglican clergy had declined. The Reform Act of 1867 had extended the parliamentary franchise to all rate-paying householders; and Mr. Lowe cried, in words which have become proverbial, "We must educate our masters." Mr. Gladstone's Government carried in 1870 a measure which, though sharply criticised at the time, has been since accepted by all parties as fairly satisfactory. It was to some extent a compromise. It allowed all the existing elementary schools, denominational and others, to subsist, and to receive grants of money from the state as heretofore. But it created also, wherever no adequate provision of primary schools existed, a new local public authority called the School Board, elected by the rate-payers of the district, charged with the duty of establishing primary schools, and empowered to levy a rate on the locality for that purpose. Under this statute a great many School Boards were at once called into existence. In all the larger towns school accommodation was deficient, so that Boards were needed. In country parishes this was less often the case, because the Church of England had been making and made when the act passed considerable effort to provide denominational schools of her own, and so avoid the necessity of the public ones. Still, even in the rural districts, there are a good many School Boards, and the number continues to increase. As respects the so-called religious difficulty, the act of 1870 drew a distinction between School Board schools supported by the rates, and those founded by denominations or individuals, which now usually go by the name of voluntary schools. The former were permitted to give religious instruction, but forbidden to use any catechism, creed, or formula distinctive of any denomination—i. e., the master might read and explain the Bible and dwell upon any fundamental religious propositions he thought proper, but must do nothing to inculcate the dogmas proper to any one sect, while, of course, any child might at pleasure be withdrawn by its parent from religious instruction altogether. As regards the voluntary schools, they were suffered to retain their denominational character, but in consideration of their continuing to receive an annual grant, it was provided that they should not require any pupil to receive religious instruction if his parent objected. This provision, which goes by the name of the conscience clause, is now, therefore, in force in all state-aided schools.

As the act of 1870 left the voluntary schools on the ground confronting the Board schools, there

was naturally much rivalry between them. The former were the favorites of the Anglican clergy, supported by the Roman Catholic priesthood, the latter of the Radical party, the more extreme section of which had desired to extinguish the voluntary schools altogether and to forbid all religious instruction. Hence, in the first years of the new system the chief question of educational policy which occupied people's minds, and came up at School Board elections, was as to the attitude which School Boards should take up toward voluntary (i. e., denominational) schools. They had no right to extinguish them, but they could practically injure them by starting Board schools in their neighborhood so as to draw away the scholars, and could in other ways interfere with their action. On the other hand, they could also encourage them in a variety of ways which it would take too long to explain. Hence, a considerable difference in the behavior of these new School Boards. In places where, like Birmingham, the Liberal party was in the ascendant, they went on vigorously establishing public schools and almost affecting to ignore the voluntary schools. In such a town as Liverpool, where the Church of England and the Tory party command a majority, the voluntary schools received ample scope and friendly encouragement. This jealousy of the two sets of schools and their respective sympathizers still continues to exist, but in a less pronounced form. Both the extreme clerical and the extreme Liberal party are sensible that neither can gain the ear of the country, which has accepted with satisfaction the middle path indicated by the act of 1870. The denominationalists no longer fear the immediate destruction of their schools. Their opponents see that denominationalism in education is a less formidable influence than they had supposed, and believe that in time it will die out. Nor can there be much doubt that voluntary schools are declining in number, whereas a public school, once established, always holds its ground.

From what I have said, your readers will understand to what extent our School Board elections are fought on party lines. The divisions of educational opinion do not exactly coincide with those of political opinion, but they tend to coincide. A man may be a Liberal yet a denominationalist, or a Conservative and yet (though this is much more rare) in favor of the public-school system. In the main, however, Conservatives support the clergy, and Liberals the extension of School Boards. The chief charge brought against the latter is their cost. Our people have not yet acquired your habit of looking on education as one of the first and most necessary branches of state expenditure, so that there is always some grumbling over the school rate, and many criticisms on the extravagance of School Boards. The denominationalists have always insisted that voluntary schools are far cheaper to the ordinary citizen, because he pays no rate in respect of them, their cost being defrayed partly by subscriptions, partly by fees, partly by the subscriptions of the rich residents. Hence, the Conservatives are in this sphere the party of retrenchment, and while the war cry of the Liberals is "Efficiency," that of the Tories is "Economy." These are the cries that have been most frequently heard during the present electoral contest. The middle classes, and particularly the smaller shopkeepers, feel the pressure of the rates, have no great fondness for education, and as a rule do not send their own children to the rate-supported schools, thinking them somewhat too plebeian. The working classes, on the other hand, are anxious that their children should have the best teaching, and as they pay a much smaller rate, and use the schools themselves for their children, they care less for the expense. Hence, while the shopkeeper clings to the idea of

economy, the workingman usually votes for the candidate who promises to make the schools better and have more of them.

Other questions are sometimes mooted, but have less effect upon the result. Such is that of gratuitous education. In our public schools fees are charged, small fees no doubt, ranging generally from two to ten cents per week, but still such fees as the poorest and most unthrifty part of the population declines to pay. It has therefore been found necessary to remit the fees of a certain number of children, and the existence of the charge is made a pretext by many parents for neglecting to send their children to school. A party has, therefore, arisen which seeks to make all public education gratuitous, and which appeals to the example of America as an evidence of the success of that means of bringing all children under instruction, and making the instruction good. The Conservatives resist the proposal because it would destroy the voluntary schools, which could no longer support themselves by fees if their rivals charged nothing. Many Liberals also oppose it on economical grounds, holding that it would make parents value education less than they do now, and relieve them of what is in fact a part of their duty. The question is still in the background of politics, but no one can say when it may come into the foreground. Another point that has been lately canvassed refers to the position of school managers. Every Board school has a small local committee of managers, but while in some towns (Liverpool, for example) the Board allows great power to this committee, in others, as in London, it keeps the control of all its schools in its own hands, and leaves but little to the managers. In this case also the differences of view do not coincide with differences of political opinion.

More important to the successful working of the system than the decision of such questions as the foregoing is the quality of the men who are selected to work it. In small places, where everybody knows everybody else, it is not so hard to choose the best men. But in London, where there is only one School Board for four millions of people, the difficulty is serious. It is surprising that so many good candidates are found, for there is, of course, no salary or other emolument whatever attached to the office—the members even pay out of their own pockets for their five o'clock tea; it does not carry much honor or fame with it; it is, if a member does his duty, extremely laborious, involving attendance not only at the weekly meetings, but at several committees. The prospect of a little power has, however, its attractions for many men and women, while those of a higher stamp find in the office the opportunity of rendering important services to the community. The first London School Board, which sat from 1870 till 1873, contained a good many persons of eminence. At later elections the level sank, though there always remained a sufficiency of able men to do the work in a thorough way. During the present contest a somewhat greater number than usual of good candidates have offered themselves, notwithstanding the serious trouble and expense (amounting, where a candidate stands alone, to from \$2,000 to \$3,000) which candidature in such vast constituencies as those of the London boroughs involves.

The School Board elections have had an interest for us altogether irrespective of educational affairs as the field in which two experiments have been tried: those of the eligibility of women and of the cumulative vote. In 1870 three ladies stood, and two were returned; and at every succeeding election several have been successful. Seven or eight had seats on the

Board which has just expired, and four of these were very prominent members, filling the public eye at least as much as any of the men. I need hardly say that among them there were good and bad members; in fact, with the exception of one, who seems to have raised more opposition than any other member, male or female, they showed just the same merits and the same defects as others. Judicious observers report that if any difference can be discovered between the men and the women, it lies in this, that the women take up personal questions more warmly, and are swayed by feelings of personal aversion more strongly than the men are; but they add that some of the more active women members show a diligence and a mastery of details quite equal to that of the best men. Thus the experiment turns out to have proved only what sensible people predicted, that women can do all kinds of administrative and deliberative work as well as men, but are a little more liable to be led by the keenness of their feelings into more pronounced expressions. It must not be thought that because this criticism is made there is any disposition to discourage female candidates. The services of the better ladies have been sufficient to secure the continuance of a considerable female element on the Board.

The other experiment, that of allowing an elector to accumulate all his votes on one or more of the candidates out of the whole number, has been less successful. It works in this way. If there are five members to be elected, you may give all five votes to A, or three to A and two to B, or two to A and two to B and one to C, or two to A and one each to B, C, and D, or one each to A, B, C, D, and E. The result has been that a candidate supported by a comparatively small section can get in by persuading his friends to cumulate all their votes upon him. Thus a man of no eminence, but favored by one denomination, or faction, or particular local area, secures his seat even though the large majority dislikes him; and the Board, elected after this fashion, is apt to contain too many crotcheteers, or representatives of particular "isms." Hence, when a perverse man gets on the Board, he may defy the censure of his colleagues and the electors generally, so long as his own faction remains faithful to him. From such men several School Boards have suffered, nor is it impossible that this mode of voting may be abolished whenever Parliament has time to return to educational topics.

The result of the elections in London, which has been announced since the above lines were written, tends to confirm this view of the cumulative vote, and shows that the electors are not very careful in marking the services of the best men. One of the most obstructive members of the Board has been returned by a triumphant majority; one of the most capable and industrious has lost his seat, apparently because he relied on his merits, and did not canvass with sufficient vigor. Otherwise these elections leave the balance of parties very much where it was before. The majority, who have pursued in time past what is called the School Board policy of building public schools energetically wherever they were needed, instead of carefully avoiding all interference with existing denominational schools, are the majority still; and the work of the Board will doubtless proceed upon the same lines. Y.

THE RUINS OF ALEXANDRIA.

ALEXANDRIA, November 18, 1882.

To a resident in Alexandria who left Egypt in May for business or refreshment in England and returned in November, the change in outward things would seem much less than might have been expected. There are the same crowded thoroughfares, the same appearance of active

business, the same intermixture of races, of languages, and of costumes, and the same outward relations between the foreigner and the native. To be sure, the red-coated English soldier is ubiquitous, and whole streets, together with the leading square, are nothing but masses of crumbling ruins. But there is something to compensate even for this. In the square, long rows of really picturesquely-built and gayly-ornamented wooden shops and stores have occupied the spare space within the garden rails surrounding the cultivated portion of the area. These structures (too many of them drink-shops) are decorated with advertisements and the obtrusive display of wares, and thronged in front with venders and customers taking coffee and more mysterious fluids at festive little tables. The bright, or rather dazzling, sun glares down on the scene and prevents a particle of color being lost or overlooked, while it refines even the ruins to a blinding whiteness and renders them almost as picturesque as they are, on a moment's reflection, distressing. Along the side streets, however, where no substituted erections relieve and distract the eye, and where few carriages or passers by are visible, the scene really recalls Livy's graphic description of the *læta mœstitia* and *triste silentium* which hung round the site of Alba after its savage destruction by Rome.

The judicial delays in the matter of compensation account for so little having been done as yet even to clear away the ruins, let alone rebuilding the town. Any proprietor would sacrifice his claim to compensation if he interfered ever so slightly with the débris covering his burnt premises before the official *expertise* which will hereafter be the sole and sufficient evidence of the fact of loss. As to the extent of the loss, of course, no ex-post-facto evidence from without can be worth anything; and it is on this point that the main difficulty in adjusting claims to compensation will arise, and, indeed, is already arising. Of course, where there were fire insurances some check upon fabulous estimates of the amount of loss is forthcoming. It is reported that the smaller claims will be settled first, and this is equitable and wise, because the small loss incurred by small owners is to them out of all proportion in value to the large loss of wealthy capitalists. Without some little money to start with, it is impossible for a returning refugee to set up his little business again, and there is some danger even that money-lenders may be in request and the claims to compensation be trafficked with in an usurious market. The preliminary *expertise* is in all cases a somewhat expensive process, costing £3 sterling at the very least for mere court fees. This initial process is conducted by the machinery of the international courts, but the adjudication upon the claims will be remitted to a Special Commission Court which has not yet been constituted.

The obstacles to a speedy settlement of such matters as these and to the rebuilding of Alexandria are characteristic of the political situation of the country at the present time. In the first place, there are no municipal authorities in Alexandria to undertake the reconstruction of the European portion of the city, which has been almost annihilated. In the second place, the central Government is so weak and dependent on its military supporters that it scarcely ventures to take the initiative in any matter, however pressing, which may financially bind it beyond the very limited reach of time to which the present political prospect extends. A time, however, has been fixed (about a month hence) within which all claims against the Government must be sent in, and in the case of indigent claimants the period for paying judicial fees for an *expertise* can be, on the intervention of their consulate, deferred till the compensation is awarded.

ed. So soon as Lord Dufferin has had time to look about him and devise some settled scheme for the administration of Egypt, it may be expected that the Government will feel itself strong enough to entertain some comprehensive plan for the reconstruction of Alexandria. A.

PLON'S 'BENVENUTO CELLINI.'

PARIS, Nov. 22, 1882.

M. PLON is not only a publisher, he is also a writer and a great amateur. He has published 'Thorwaldsen: His Life and Works'; he has written a small volume on the Danish sculptor Bissen; he gives us now a truly magnificent quarto volume on Benvenuto Cellini. The work is really worthy of the great master, from the beauty of its numerous illustrations. M. Plon has not attempted to write a complete biography of the famous Florentine sculptor: have we not the amusing and original 'Vita di Benvenuto Cellini, scritta da lui medesimo'—a book full of lies and boasts, to be sure, of extraordinary confessions, of audacious anecdotes, as romantic as any novel, but bearing in the midst of all its defects the true mark of life, and giving an exact picture of the manners of a time which will always be so interesting to all lovers of art? M. Plon has made it his study to verify the assertions of Cellini, to search in the memoirs of the time whatever could help him to verify or to control them. He has profited by the researches of the Marquis Campori, of Modena; of Bertolotti, of Rome; of Carlo and Gaetano Milanese, of Florence; of the Marquis de Laborde, of Paris. This work of control and of criticism has been but the beginning of his difficult task; he has been struck by the small number of the really authentic works of Cellini, and at the same time by the immense number of works which are attributed to him. He has therefore made two catalogues, one of the works the authenticity of which he is able to prove from the memoirs of Cellini, by letters, even by inventories, receipts, etc.; he has placed in a second catalogue all the works which are still attributed to Cellini, but which nothing proves to have been his work except their style and their intrinsic beauty; and, in order to help the reader to form an opinion, he has given reproductions of many of these interesting works.

Benvenuto Cellini was born in Florence, on November 1, 1500, in a house on the Via Chiara di San Lorenzo. His father was an architect and a musician. He learned the trade of jeweller with Michelangelo Bandinelli, the father of the famous Baccio Bandinelli. He was very wild and undisciplined, and did not stay long in the same place; he went to Sienna, to Bologna, to Pisa, and always quarrelled with everybody. He felt a great enthusiasm for Michael Angelo, who was twenty-six years older than himself, and who already competed with Leonardo da Vinci. These two famous men represented the taking of Pisa by the Florentines for the Palace of the Signoria. "As long as they existed, these two cartoons," says Benvenuto in his passionate style, "they were the school of the world; and though the divine Michael Angelo afterward built the chapel of Pope Julius, he never approached even half the value of this work, and his genius never found again the vigor of these first studies." Surely, nothing can be finer than the group of soldiers bathing in the Arno. Benvenuto always looked upon Michael Angelo as his great master and inspirer. (The two famous cartoons of the battle of Pisa were destroyed during some civic commotions.)

Benvenuto went on foot to Rome, with one of his friends, at the age of nineteen, and his career is divisible from that time into three parts:

first, the time spent in Rome under Clement VII. and Paul III., from 1523 to 1540; secondly, the time spent at the court of Francis I. in France, from 1540 to 1544; then his return to Florence, under Cosmo, where he remained till he died, in 1571. In Rome he was chiefly a jeweller; he became a sculptor in France; and he attained in Florence the highest degree of the noble art of sculpture, though he always kept amusing himself, so to speak, with artistic jewelry.

Everybody knows the part which Benvenuto took in the defence of Rome, when it was attacked by the Constable de Bourbon. He does not boast in his memoirs of having killed the Constable, as is generally said; he only tells us how, with some of his friends, he fired into a group which was very ardent in the attack, and how afterwards the besieging army fell into a great confusion. Rome was taken by storm, notwithstanding the death of Bourbon, and completely sacked. Benvenuto had taken refuge in the Castle of Saint Angelo, along with the Pope, and he took a great delight in becoming there an expert artilleryman. All the researches of M. Plon tend to confirm rather than to invalidate the accounts which Benvenuto gives of his actions. He was of a very fiery character, and did not stop at murder: he killed with his own hand one of the Roman police who had killed his brother. The Pope pardoned him, for he would not deprive himself of such an artist. It was not, alas! his only murder: he used his sword and his stiletto as freely as the too's of his trade. M. Plon enters into very minute details as to the murder of a certain Pompeo, and shows by what circumstance Cellini escaped the punishment which he deserved. It is more agreeable to turn from the man to the artist, though even in his artistic works there always remains a certain sort of violence. The famous "Perseus" may be considered as the finest expression of violence in art.

When he came to France, Francis I. gave him permission to establish his studio in the Petit Nesle, a castle which was on the left bank of the Seine, on the spot where the palace of the Institute now stands. The Pont Neuf did not exist at the time, and it was not always safe to cross the river in the night. Cellini lived there in great style, receiving many pupils and entertaining his compatriots. Francis I. often paid him visits; he employed him for the embellishment of his dear Fontainebleau. Cellini became naturally a rival of Primaticcio; and as the favorite Madame d'Étampes favored his rival, he became disgusted with his French service and returned to Italy. He settled in Florence, and Cosmo immediately gave him a house for his studio and his workshops. In Florence he soon quarrelled with his old enemy Baccio Bandinelli. This artist could not bear the idea that Cellini should have undertaken to become from a mere jeweller a sculptor, and that a man who made medals and figurines should try his hand at giants and colossal statues. The Duke Cosmo had given to Cellini an order for the "Perseus and Medusa," which was to stand before the famous Loggia. One day, in the presence of Cosmo, Cellini said to Baccio, "You had better provide for yourself another world, for I will suppress you in this one." Baccio answered: "Tell me one day before, so that I may confess and make my will and not die like a brute, like you." The Duke reconciled them for the moment by ordering them both to make his bust.

The "Perseus" is certainly one of the most extraordinary and most beautiful statues of modern times. If nothing was left of Florence but this work of Benvenuto, it would give an idea of what Florence was under the golden days of the Renaissance, as a fragment of a marble gives us an insight into the Hellenic civilization. In the

"Perseus" you have a specimen of an art which has borrowed from the old models their idealism, their expression of the pure beauty of humanity; and yet with it there is a movement, a force, a passionate agitation which marks a more intense life than what is found in the calm and almost dreamy gods of antiquity. "Perseus" has an almost savage movement; he looks defiant; he shows proudly the bloody head of Medusa in one hand, and in the other he holds his sword horizontally, as if his hand was not tired, but ready, and almost impatient, to strike again. He stamps on the convulsed Medusa. This is the general impression, but when you begin to look at the details it seems as if your eye could never be tired. Here, in the multitude of things, you find the jeweller. The pedestal is a world in itself; it is a shrine of architecture, with its innumerable ornaments, its admirable little statues, and its extraordinary basso-relievo.

The principal works executed at Florence by Cellini are the incomparable "Perseus," the bronze busts of Cosmo and of Bindo Altoviti, the marble bust of the Duchess Eleonora, the restoration of the Ganymede, the group of Apollo and Hyacinth, the statue of Narcissus, the models of the colossal Neptune, and the marble crucifix which Cellini intended to be placed over his own tomb in Saint Maria Novella, but which is now in the Escorial. Florence still possesses the "Perseus," with the little model of this great work, the magnificent bronze of Cosmo, and the Ganymede. The crucifix was presented to Philip II. by the son of Cosmo. During twenty-five years spent at the Court of Cosmo, Cellini never ceased to work as a sculptor and as a jeweller; the number of jewels, gold and silver plates, and vases which he executed, with the help of his pupils, must be very large indeed; but some of them have been lost, and many cannot be authenticated.

M. Plon has a chapter on the private life of Cellini. His violence, his irascibility, did not fit him for a quiet life. His models, who were chosen solely on account of their beauty, invariably became his mistresses, and it is painful to say that he ill-treated them in the most brutal manner. He was constantly quarrelling with his employers about the payment for his works. When he became old, he was so tired of his life that he thought of taking orders. There is a note in his handwriting, dated June 2, 1558: "Remember that I, Benvenuto Cellini, have taken the tonsure—that is to say, the first order of priesthood—from the hands of the Most Reverend Monsignor de' Serristori, in his house at Borgo Santa Croce, with all the accustomed ceremonies." But after this memorandum comes a note: "In 1560, having a desire to have legitimate children, though secret, I asked to be relieved of these vows, and I recovered my liberty." The Dorothea who had been his model when he made the "Perseus," had two children; he adopted one of them, and assured to him, in his will of December 3, 1560, a sum of 1,000 gold *écus*, which the young man was to receive when eighteen years old, but on condition that he should make himself a sculptor. The year after, he had another son by a model called Piera; he educated him with care, but lost him. Piera gave him a daughter, and finally he married her; he had afterward three more children by her. His adopted son gave him no satisfaction; he quarrelled with him, and the act of adoption was annulled.

When Michael Angelo died, Cellini was one of the four artists chosen by Florence to attend his funeral, which took place in the church of the Medici family, San Lorenzo, a church which Michael Angelo has made more famous than the Medici could have done. Vasari has given an

elaborate description of the ceremony. Benvenuto found himself ill on the appointed day, and was wanting in the gorgeous cortège; he suffered from the gout. He kept changing his will during his last years, almost to the eve of his death, which took place on February 14, 1571. He died in the house which is now numbered 59 in the Via Pergola. He had not been allowed to make his tomb in Santa Maria Novella, and he was buried in the convent of the Servi della Nunziata. Like all the artists of the Renaissance, Cellini was a writer; he wrote sonnets, but his immortal work will always be his "Vita"; for, with all its defects, its insane pride, its lies, it gives the most vivid picture of what might be called the fermentation of the Renaissance; it has the charm of naïveté, if not of sincerity.

Correspondence.

THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since my name has been dragged into the matter, allow me to correct the singularly erroneous and even distorted statements respecting the Naval Observatory, by your correspondent "T. N.," in the last number of the *Nation*.

The professors have no power to turn away young men from the Observatory; this rests alone with the Secretary of the Navy. And, as a matter of fact, no young man has been turned away. All whose names are mentioned by "T. N." have left of their own accord, being attracted elsewhere by more lucrative and conspicuous positions. When I say that one had his salary nearly trebled, all will understand that he needed no more urgent inducement to leave.

Although it is not possible to gauge the innermost thoughts of men, yet, certainly, the professors have small cause to be jealous or envious of the other classes of men attached to the Observatory. Has a gold medal been awarded to anybody at the Observatory, it has always been a professor who received it; has a man been elected as an honorary member of a foreign society, or even into our own National Academy of Sciences, it has still been a professor who obtained the honor. How utterly absurd is the imputation of jealousy or envy to the professors. In regard to the assistants, may be gathered from an incident which fell under my own observation, and which I may be pardoned for relating. One of the assistants whom "T. N." mentions, during his whole stay here, made one of the family of a professor, receiving from the latter almost daily instruction in mathematics; and the relations between them could have been hardly more cordial and affectionate had they been father and son.

It was not Secretary Hunt who ordered the board of examiners mentioned by "T. N.," but Secretary Goff; and the examination occurred during the secretaryship of the latter; but the Hayes Administration coming to its close in the interim, the report was made to Mr. Hunt. It is strange that the existence of this report should be doubted by "T. N.," since the House of Representatives called for it last spring, and it has appeared in print as a House document. The epithet "freeze out," applied to the examination, is calculated to mislead the public as to its true character. Two days out of the five were devoted to astronomy, one to theoretical, the other to practical. The conduct of the whole examination was eminently just and fair; and, that none may say I speak in praise of it because I was successful at it, I may add that two of the unsuccessful candidates have, in my hearing, admitted that it was so.

Nothing can be further from the truth than the statement that, after the examination was over, the members of the Board discouraged the appointment of the two men who passed. On the contrary, it is within my knowledge that one of them, at least, urged upon the Secretary, in the strongest manner, at the last moment, the desirability of appointing these men. But Mr. Hunt chose rather to be guided by the advice of certain line-officers who had a personal interest in promoting the gentlemen at Annapolis; and the result is what we now see.

The statement by "T. N.," that a bill was passed by Congress authorizing the appointments that were actually made, is a mistake, for at the time the Senate alone was in session, for the purpose of confirming President Garfield's nominations. Hence, the course of the Secretary was to send in the nominations on the last day of the session, and they were duly confirmed, subject to an examination, which examination was conducted by a wholly new board, composed of professors having no connection with the Observatory.

The order of Mr. Hunt, that the two appointees should not be examined in mathematics, must be regarded as a naïve confession on his part that it was a solecism to dub these gentlemen professors of mathematics.

Very respectfully, G. W. HILL.
NAUTICAL ALMANAC OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 4, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to your editorial of the 9th ultimo, on the revolution which is taking place in the Naval Observatory, at Washington, as well as to the communication of "T. N." which appeared in your issue of November 30, together with your comments thereon. Your words were well-timed and just. It is hardly to be supposed that men whose training is intended primarily to fit them for sailors could, with no other preparation, take charge of an astronomical institution and accomplish scientific results worthy of consideration.

"T. N." is mistaken in supposing that "there are no persons other than line officers in the Navy to take charge of the instruments." On the other hand, I am reliably informed that it is actually proposed to *dismiss all the civilian astronomers except one* as one of the steps toward transforming the Observatory into a pleasant asylum for line officers on shore duty.

While the astronomical force at the Observatory is not as great as it ought to be, it is not right to suppose that Professors Hall and Eastman are the only experienced observers there. It is hardly just, for instance, to speak of Professor Frisby, who has seen nearly fifteen years of faithful service at the Naval Observatory, as "a new man," "with comparatively little experience as an observer." It must be remembered, too, that besides the professors of mathematics there are also the civilian astronomers already mentioned, all of whom are trained men and some of them of many years' experience.

Replies to the remaining points in "T. N.'s" communication are unnecessary, as they do not touch the question at issue. It would not be difficult, however, to show that the "narrow selfish policy" attributed to the professors is greatly exaggerated, and that the story of the filling of the two vacancies for which Messrs. Hill and Johnson were candidates, as told by "T. N.," places the Observatory professors in a totally false light.

The real question, as you say, is not what the professors want, nor what the line officers want, but what is best for the proper conduct of a Government institution which has contributed

so much to the scientific reputation of our country.

In the light of present and past experience, the first thing to do is to pass a law that shall take the Observatory out of the hands of the Navy, place it where its scientific interests will be properly protected, and require that the Superintendent shall be an astronomer of acknowledged ability and experience.

Very respectfully yours, ORMOND STONE.
LEANDER MCCORMICK OBSERVATORY,
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Dec 7.

THE ORDERS TO THE MONITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 30, Rear-Admiral John Marston, U. S. N., the senior naval officer at Hampton Roads at the time of the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* in 1862, calls in question the statement made by me, in a communication published in the *Nation* of November 2, that "Lieutenant Worden acted on his own responsibility in going up to attack the *Merrimac*, for it does not appear that he received any orders, either from Washington or from his superior at Hampton Roads."

In refutation of this, Admiral Marston quotes from an article written by him and published in *Harper's Weekly*, January 25, 1879 (which, by the way, I never saw before), in which he says: "I informed Captain Worden that my orders were very positive to send the *Monitor* to Washington, but that I was going to disobey those orders, at the risk of my commission, and send him up to Newport News to look out for the *Merrimac*."

In reply, I will simply say that I was guided in my remark by the following statement:

"I left the Navy-yard on the morning of March 6, and reached Hampton Roads about 9 o'clock P. M. of March 8, and immediately reported in person to Captain Marston, commanding the *Roanoke*, the senior officer there. In my short interview with him nothing was said by him as to any orders he had received from the Navy Department to send the *Monitor* up the Potomac, and I left his ship with the verbal understanding that I was to go to the assistance of the *Minnesota*, then aground off Newport News; which I did immediately on my return to my ship. (Signed) JOHN L. WORDEN,
"Rear-Admiral, U. S. Navy."

While disclaiming any desire to cast a single reflection upon Admiral Marston, I cannot but believe that I was fully justified in drawing from the above the inference which I did.

I remain, very respectfully yours,
JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, JR.
NEW YORK, December 6, 1882.

THE CASE OF HASTINGS GANTT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of the 23d inst. I find that you have stated some things quite at variance with the facts, and most unjust to an honest man—no doubt quite unwittingly. I presume that you have confused names, or have been misinformed, and that you will be glad to be set right and to do justice in the matter.

Mr. Gantt has never left public life, but has been elected duly, and by large majorities, at every election since the overthrow of the Republican party in this State. He was one of the few Republicans in the Legislature of 1876 who were not either expelled from their seats or intimidated into resigning. He was accused of bribery and taken before the Investigating Committee. He was there advised to resign, but he steadily refused to do so, saying he had never taken a bribe nor sold a vote, and defying any one to bring proof that he had done so.

The Hampton Legislature could bring no proof against him when he was tried before that body,

and he was allowed to retain his seat, which he has held ever since with the respect of his constituents, white and black.

He has everywhere a good record as regards honesty; he has been in some posts of great responsibility, and has never incurred reproach, nor failed in faithful discharge of duty.

I have known him well for nearly twenty years, and have employed him in business matters of trust and importance, and have found him a man of uprightness.—Very respectfully,

LAURA M. TOWNE,
Chairman Board School Trustees,
St. Helena Island, S. C.

FROGMORE, BEAUFORT CO., S. C.,
Nov. 20, 1882.

[We subjoin two extracts from the 'Reports and Resolutions of the South Carolina Legislature' of 1877:

"Hastings Gantt testifies that he 'voted for the bill and received a paper calling for seventy-five dollars. Solomons wanted him to take groceries for it, which he refused, but discounted the paper at Mrs. Love's store.'"

"Hastings Gantt, being further examined, deposes on oath as follows: 'I was a member of the House of Representatives from the county of Beaufort in the year 1872, when the Blue Ridge Scrip Bill and the Validating and Financial Settlement Bills were passed. Mr. Jno. J. Patterson told me, if I would vote for these measures, he would give me \$200. After the passage of them, Mr. Niles G. Parker, then State Treasurer, paid me \$100, in the Treasurer's back office, for supporting the measure. I did not receive any more.'"

—ED. NATION.]

GIDDINGS'S 'HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your very kind review of my little book, the 'Life of Giddings,' has just come to my notice. Will you permit me to say one word as to the 'History of the Rebellion,' my statement concerning which you naturally call in question? This work was prepared by Mr. Giddings during his later years, after the attack of apoplexy which so nearly proved fatal to him. It was, if my memory serves me, upon the press at the time of his death. A critical examination, after that event, led to the discovery of so many inaccuracies—the result, no doubt, of failing mental powers—that his friends deemed it wise to arrest the issue of the edition. Some copies escaped their vigilance, but the work was never really published. The Hon. George W. Julian then intended to revise and correct the History, but has never done so.

Very truly yours, WALTER BUELL.
CLEVELAND, O., December 6, 1882.

[The work has found a lodgment in a number of public libraries.—ED. NATION.]

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ART TARIFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why should foreign books be subject to the heavy duty of twenty-five per cent. without a word of remonstrance from the press, while the lighter duty of ten per cent. upon foreign pictures is denounced as illiberal and oppressive? Is it not because our publishers, with their extensive patronage, have an influence beyond the resources of the artists? Why should art be more free than literature? In the civilization of the country literature has been a much more important factor than art, and as one of the most vital ideas of our country is the greatest good to the greatest number, surely the necessities of the people should not be sacrificed to the interests of the publishers. The most instructive foreign books are not usually reprinted, the reprints be-

ing mainly of popular novels. Now, if the pictures that are said to be kept out of the country by the present duty could exert as beneficial an influence as the proscribed foreign books, it would be manifestly unjust to continue the tax; but on the contrary such art is positively debasing in its influence, as it prevents an appreciation of all true and worthy work.

The American artists have never objected to the importation of good foreign pictures; but they do object to the trash with which we are deluged by the foreign picture-dealers. When the effort to change the tariff was made the artists asked that the rate of duty should remain as it then existed on all paintings of a less value than \$500—above that, the rate to be reduced; but that every painting should pay at least a duty of \$50. Pictures that cannot pay such a duty are not likely to be of a quality to benefit any one except the dealers, and the tax would be comparatively nothing on all meritorious works of art, and would become still lighter in the degree of their superior excellence. Our artists would be willing to have the duty entirely removed from good works of art, and have a rate of duty that would be prohibitory imposed only upon the rubbish that is manufactured and imported by the shipload; but such a law would hardly be practicable, as the dealers would then claim that all of their importations were of sufficient merit to pass upon the free-list, and our Custom-house officials are not the best judges of art in the world.

Let us, then, have a specific duty of, say, from \$30 to \$50 upon every foreign picture imported. The dealers in cheap pictures would be the only persons injured, and the public and the importers of the better class of works of art would be proportionately benefited. The value of works of art is so uncertain, and varies so much with the artist's reputation, the fashion of the moment, the supply and demand, and the general business condition of the country; that no *ad valorem* duty can be imposed that will not be successfully evaded by the dealers, who think it no sin to get the better of Uncle Sam. In the case of the exhibition of Alma Tadema's pictures, to which reference was made in the *Evening Post* of Saturday by a correspondent, of course the Custom-house regulations bore hardly. Such a case does not often occur, and it would be easy to make a proper and accommodating change in the laws without jeopardizing the art interests of the whole people by an indiscriminate removal of the duties upon all art works.

AMERICAN ARTIST.

NEW YORK, December 9, 1882.

[Yes, but the American artists have never told us who was to judge whether a foreign picture was good enough to be imported or not, or who was to point out to us what was "trash" and what was not. The test our correspondent proposes—the money price—is obviously an unfair and unfit one. The highest-priced pictures are not, as everybody knows, always the best ones. The prices of pictures are, more than the prices of anything else, fancy prices. The larger ones are too often paid by persons whose art judgment is absolutely worthless, and who buy because they have more money than they know what to do with, and desire to have the works of the fashionable painters of the day as furniture. To rate pictures by standards thus created, for the purpose of taxing those to which rich amateurs do not take a fancy, or in which they have discovered no excellence, would be preposterous. The dealers in cheap foreign pictures are, from the artistic point of

view, just as respectable a body of persons as the dealers in cheap American pictures; no better, but no worse. And cheap foreign pictures do no more harm to art than cheap American pictures, if so much. If they are to be taxed at the Custom-house in the interest of the beautiful, then the internal-revenue collector ought to be let loose on the unknown American artist, and he ought to pay \$50 to the Treasury for every poor picture he publicly exposes for sale, and \$100 for every picture so exposed which, in three months, say, finds no purchaser. If we are going to elevate the artistic taste of the American people through protective taxation, let us do it thoroughly. And, by the by, why has an American who cannot afford dear pictures not a right to purchase cheap and bad ones if he pleases, without consulting the artists whose pictures he does not want to buy? Is not the very proposal to fine him for taking such a liberty what Mr. Squeers called "richness"?—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

SPECIMEN sheets of Poole's 'Index to Periodical Literature,' third edition, brought down to January, 1882, are now being sent out by J. R. Osgood & Co., who expect to produce the work complete during the present month. It is well to recall the fact that the two previous editions of 1848 and 1852 are embodied in the one now on the press, and that the alphabetical key is thus offered to no fewer than 240 different periodicals, or 6,305 volumes. It is announced that supplements to this Index will be issued in the same style at stated periods.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue this week the 'Life of Ole Bull,' by his wife; 'J. Fenimore Cooper,' by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury; J. W. Mallett's 'Illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archaeology,' an English work; Mr. W. H. Bishop's 'House of a Merchant Prince'; Prof. Anderson's translation of Björnson's 'Magnhild'; and two volumes of poetry: 'Monte Rosa,' by Starr H. Nichols, and 'The Hill of Stones,' by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

'Funk & Wagnalls have in press Meyer's 'Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles,' edited by Dr. William Ormiston.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard has edited the 'Mrs. Browning's Birthday Book' just brought out by James Miller. The chief novelty we remark is that death-dates of eminent persons are noted in addition to the usual birth-dates.

Lee & Shepard have reduced from the rank of books to that of Christmas cards the several poems illustrated for the holiday season by Miss L. B. Humphrey during the past six or eight years. The list includes 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Ring out, Wild Bells,' 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'He Giveth His Beloved Sleep,' 'Abide with Me,' 'O Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?' and 'The Breaking Waves Dashed High.' Each poem has a special illuminated cardboard cover, described as "golden floral, flexible, fringed, gilt edges," and is enclosed in an envelope. In this form there is no reason why the series should not take a new lease of life.

Longfellow's 'Flower de Luce' has been similarly got up by S. E. Cassino, Boston, except that the poem is given in facsimile of the author's MS., and that the illustrations are in color by the deft hand of Mr. Isaac Sprague. A further curiosity is the printing in ordinary type of the two states of the poem, between which any one may choose for himself.

The "aesthetic" devices of tradesmen to attract attention are usually so odious that one is ready to forget the advertising purpose of so pretty, well-chosen, and well-printed a budget of verse as the 'Paradise of Dainty Devices'—A Collection of Poems, Songs and Ballads,' distributed by Charles Pratt & Co. The typography and presswork are by Francis Hart & Co.

A facsimile reprint of the rarer kind, in which types for which special punches have been made are used, has been very successfully carried out by T. Fisher Unwin, 17 Holborn Viaduct, London (New York: Scribner & Welford). The copy of George Herbert's 'Temple,' in the British Museum, dating from 1633, has been closely followed in every particular, even to the color of the paper and the binding. The result is highly illusory. The first edition of this reprint was made in 1876. For the present one, the author of 'John Inglesant' has been induced to furnish a preface, and it cannot be said that he underestimates the influence of the ritual on the welfare of mankind, or the products of the Church of England—"a culture unequalled in the world beside"; "families—generation after generation—which no other country, and no other class in this country, ever saw."

One of the cleverest mystifications we have ever seen comes to us from the house of Felix Bagel, Düsseldorf (New York: Westermann). A droll artist, C. M. Seyppel, has versified and pictorially illustrated Herodotus's story of King Rhampsinitus and his treasure-house, with such poetic license as not only heightens the fun, but makes the narrative unobjectionable. There is a skilful adherence to the Egypt of the monuments in costume, figure-drawing, symbolism, etc., and at first blush one would readily take the book for what it purports to be—an "ausgegrabenes Buch," the very one dug up by a German archaeologist who accompanied Wolseley's late expedition against Arabi Pasha. To carry out the illusion that this is a *unicum*, and has been really buried under ground, the leaves are stained, torn, discolored, soiled in the most realistic fashion; and the purchaser can confidently assert that no other copy of 'Schlau, Schlauer, am Schläuten' exactly resembles his. In spite of all the pains spent on this "Ägyptische Humoreske" (which, by the way, though in German, interprets itself graphically to English eyes), the price is not dear.

At the instance of one of our leading artists, the Heliotype Company, of Boston (J. R. Osgood & Co.), have attempted a reproduction of Bastien-Lepage's painting, familiar to New Yorkers, of "Joan of Arc." The task will be at once recognized as very difficult, and apparently the great size of the canvas compelled the taking of the negative in two parts, so that one sees a joint in the print as in a wood-engraving of which the blocks have sprung. Still, the success has been as great, perhaps, as could be expected; the vision being distinct enough, and the Maid—the first and last object of interest—perfectly so, while the values of the background, notably of the trees, are somewhat lost. The memento is worth having, and will give pleasure.

J. W. Bouton sends us heliogravures of Hans Makart's panel paintings, the "Five Senses," which were exhibited and much talked about in Germany some two years ago. Five nude female figures, drawn with much subtlety, more or less directly symbolize the sense ascribed to each respectively. Touch or Feeling (*Gefühl*), naturally the most difficult to represent, is, in fact, obscurely recognizable; but it is one of the loveliest of these remarkable designs. The heliogravures, which have broad margins, measure about 12x3 inches.

Not less than twenty "University Studies in History and Political Science" are enumerated

in the prospectus of the Johns Hopkins University issued by Dr. Herbert B. Adams, the editor of the series. Two of these are already in print separately, and procurable of the Publication Agency (N. Murray) of the University; the rest are in hand, or have appeared in periodicals. They relate, save one, to American institutions, and embrace New England, the Middle States, North and South Carolina, Illinois, Michigan, etc. They are of great promise for the future of historical investigation in this country.

An Early Scottish Text Society has been instituted at Edinburgh. Its publishers will be W. Blackwood & Sons.

The second part of Marquardt's 'Privatleben der Römer' has just appeared, completing the work. It is not materially altered from the original work, part 2 of vol. v. of Becker and Marquardt's 'Römische Alterthümer.' There are about forty more pages, but the original order and arrangement are closely adhered to. A marked improvement is in the Table of Contents, in which every heading is given with exactness, so that it is easy for any person to find whatever subject he is in search of. The topics treated in this division are food, clothing, house, and furniture; professions, education, and sports. This finishes, we suppose, Marquardt's part of the Mommsen and Marquardt's 'Römische Alterthümer' (of which it composes vol. vii.). This great work is now complete, with the exception of vol. iii., 'Bürgerschaft und Senat,' by Mommsen; for this, we suppose, we are fated to wait indefinitely—we are only told that it "is in preparation, and will appear by and by (*später*)."

Prof. Nicola Fornelli's excellent work, 'L'Insegnamento Pubblico ai Tempi Nostri,' noticed in No. 904 of the *Nation*, is being translated into French.

Among the latest announcements of Parisian publishers is 'Démocratie, Roman américain.'

The second performance by the Comédie-Française of Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'amuse," on the fiftieth anniversary of its first performance, has afforded M. Jehan Valter (the name has a most Romantic flavor) an occasion to publish a little book of a hundred and fifty pages devoted to Hugo's play and its history. 'La Première de "Le Roi s'amuse"' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: F. W. Christern) contains facsimiles of a letter of Hugo's, and of three rough sketches made by him to illustrate the scenery.

The library of the late Professor Benfey, the distinguished Sanskritist of Göttingen, has been purchased by Mr. O. Harrassowitz, of Leipzig, who will send catalogues of Benfey's books gratis upon application.

Mr. Wm. Goonetilleke, of the Oriental Library, Kandy, Ceylon, proposes to publish Panini's 'Sanskrit Grammar' in the original text, accompanying it with an English translation and commentary. The editor expects to issue it in monthly parts, and to complete it in two years, and in two volumes. The price to subscribers in advance is 12 rupees a volume. This may be remitted by British Indian postal order for 24 shillings to Mr. Goonetilleke; or subscriptions may be made with Trübner & Co., of London.

—Professors John Trowbridge and Rowland have returned from the official Conference of Electricians in Paris to which they were sent by the United States Government. The session continued from October 16 to October 26, but it did not reach positive results, and adjourned to October 1, 1883. It was evident that no agreement is at the moment obtainable in respect to the value of the ohm, and accordingly measures were taken to secure further researches upon this fundamental point. Five promising methods of inquiry were recommended by the Conference,

and it was decided to seek Government aid in the prosecution of the investigation. The Congress also urged continued observation in respect to safeguards against lightning (*paratonnerres*), and more exact efforts to establish an absolute standard for the measurement of light. The conclusions of the Conference may be found succinctly given in the *Revue Scientifique* for November 4, and a list of the delegates in the *Electrical Review* for October 21. Simultaneously with this conference on electrical units, an international conference on the protection of submarine cables was held in Paris, which was attended chiefly by men engaged in the highest stations of telegraphic administration.

—Illinois has made a valuable contribution to the subject of medical education in America—a theme which more and more demands the attention of thoughtful men. The Board of Health in that State has undertaken to find out how many medical colleges in this country are in “good standing,” and, with a great amount of well-directed effort, has made up a directory or descriptive catalogue of existing institutions and of those which have been closed. Ninety-nine medical colleges are recognized as in “good standing,” five are accepted conditionally, and eighteen are absolutely rejected. It would be worth while to ask how many said to be in “good standing” would be recognized as such in any other civilized country, and how many prescribe any adequate standard of intellectual attainments as a condition for admission to a course in medicine. The utmost that the Board itself ventures to insist on as essential is “a good English education,” which is described as including “mathematics” (without saying whether that means the multiplication table or the calculus), “English composition, and elementary physics.” The whole record is not creditable to the profession, nor to the promoters of education in this country; but this presentation of the facts, this diagnosis, if we may call it so, which the Illinois Board has given to the press, is an excellent step toward the discovery of a cure for a disorder which has been persistently chronic, but is not irremediable. With this report, by the way, may be read an extraordinary statement, proceeding from Chicago, of the mode in which the “Bellevue Medical College of Massachusetts” (stealing the good name of a college in New York) bestowed its diploma and certificates of attendance upon two courses of lectures on a fictitious applicant, the reporter of a newspaper, who with laughable ingenuity personified an illiterate candidate engaged in medical practice, and wanting “a Diplomey, cheep.” The entire correspondence is printed, and is only equalled in the annals of medical education by the detection and punishment of “Doctor” Buchanan, in Philadelphia, some little time ago, likewise by the tact of one of the newspapers.

—One of the most remarkable examples of contemptuous disregard for the public good is the Congressional action that has placed the National Board of Health in a state, practically, of suspended animation. In 1879 this Board was organized by law, in response to vigorous appeals from sanitarians. It was charged with advisory functions in relation to the public health, and with coöperation, so far as was legal, with local boards against the introduction of foreign disease. This latter duty was required by a special law, known as the Quarantine Act, that expires by limitation in 1883. The dual form of government, the jealousy of State authorities, and the extreme repugnance of commercial communities to restrictive measures that affect their particular interests, made protective expedients very difficult to devise and carry out. And, indeed, it is only through local authority that any pos-

sitive work can be done. Notwithstanding these obstacles, the National Board succeeded in limiting the spread of epidemic diseases without materially interfering with traffic—notably when yellow fever threatened the Mississippi Valley—as had never before been done. In its advisory capacity it set on foot important investigations as to certain preventable diseases, with very encouraging prospects; it practically suppressed the smallpox of immigration that threatened the Northwest; and it accomplished the whole within the moderate appropriations with which it was endowed. But in some way friction, especially with the Louisiana Board, was generated; an undertone of complaint not yet vented in open charges has been heard in New England; objection was made on the floor of the House to agents of the general Government inquiring into the cause of disease; gross misstatements as to its expenditures were announced in Congress; and that body, repenting the good it had done, or forgetful of the past and unmindful of the future, crippled both the resources and the jurisdiction of the Board. Finally, when \$100,000 was placed in the President's hands to use against epidemic disease, he made the Marine Hospital Service his agent, and the National Board found constructive insult added to the injury that, as a scientific body, it had already received. It would be strange if a new organization, with such delicate functions, should not have committed some errors; but it is safe to say that a small non-political council that contained such men as Cabell, of the University of Virginia, Bowditch, of Massachusetts, and Bemiss, of Louisiana, could not go far astray in either aim or method.—A preliminary report on the yellow fever in Texas, by the Supervising Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, shows that a *cordon sanitaire*, extending for several hundred miles, was the particular and effectual means employed to defend the uninfected regions.

—Bohemia, it is said—the Paris Bohemia—is getting civilized. Gavarni and Mürger would hardly recognize their heroes. But a wild idea does occasionally crop out. The painter, Jules Lévy, has organized as an exhibition a *Salon des Arts Incohérents*—as one might say, of the Arts of Topsy-turvydom. The portraits, for instance, instead of the usual sketch of a head, represented the feet alone. If any full length was shown, the subject must have been taken standing on his head. Then there were shown the works of not celebrated artists, but noted authors—very remarkable canvases from the hands of the poet François Coppée, the dramatist Monselet, who exhibited an *Ascension*, in which at the very top of the paper were the toes of the vanishing Christ, the rest of the field being blank. To crown all, the verdicts of the jury were drawn by lot.

—The Greek Government has finally awakened to the importance of pushing on the excavations at Eleusis. A certain part of the sacred peribolos has been cleared of the huts that obstructed it, the owners receiving compensation from the public treasury, and investigations have been proceeding for some months already under the direction of the Athenian Archaeological Society. The results obtained are not as yet of much importance. The ruins of the great Temple, or Megaron, of Demeter and Kora have been laid bare, as have been those of a stoa (in the northeast corner of the peribolos), and, in part, those of a building—perhaps the ancient entrance to the sacred precinct—of which the object has not been fully made out. A few statues, coins, and vases of small value have been found, and about forty inscriptions—among them, two psephisms and a catalogue of objects belong-

ing to the Temple. Most of these inscriptions are more or less mutilated. Among those which are perfect the most interesting is a psephism to the hierophant Chairetios, a Sacred Herald and Eumolpid.

—The New York Chorus Society opened their second season on the 6th instant with a successful performance of Gounod's new oratorio, “The Redemption,” which was first produced a few months ago at the Birmingham festival in England, under the composer's personal direction, and subsequently repeated at Bristol and London. The performance at Steinway Hall was the first outside of England, although the work is in preparation in a dozen Continental cities. The hall was full, and the applause after each act genuine and hearty. To be listening to a “sacred” work by Gounod probably appeared paradoxical to many who know him only as the composer of “Faust,” “Romeo and Juliet,” and a few other operas. But Gounod has always had a natural inclination toward sacred subjects. He studied theology for two years, and barely escaped becoming a priest. Among his earliest compositions were two masses. At Rome he carefully studied Palestrina, and on returning to Paris accepted a position as organist. In one of Fanny Hensel's letters, dated Berlin, 1843, occurs this passage: “We talked much, too, about his own future, and I think I was not wrong in putting oratorio before him as likely to take the first place in music in France. He entered so fully into my views that he set to work at once on the libretto; ‘Judith’ is the subject he has chosen.” These facts show that he has not gone out of his way very far in producing such a work as the “Redemption.” We doubt, however, if it will help to secure for oratorio the “first place in music in France” or elsewhere. It suffers from the general fault of all oratorios—the fault of being a hybrid in form: half lyric, half dramatic or quasi-dramatic. To listen to such a work for three hours produces a feeling of monotony which it would take scenery, action, and costume to overcome. A scarcity of ideas is another fault of the “Redemption.” It does not contain a single immortal number. The “Creation” prelude, with its weird harmonies, is not equal to the “Faust” prelude; the March to Calvary is far inferior to the “Faust” march; and the same could be said of most of the other parts as compared with corresponding earlier compositions of Gounod's.

—It follows from this that the “Redemption” is not a great work; but it is nevertheless an interesting one, full of fascinating details which repeated hearings will endear to all hearers, and destined to occupy a prominent place in the repertory of chorus societies for years to come. Like Wagner, Gounod has in this case written his own libretto, and he has done so with considerable skill, although with more poetic license than occurs in the texts of the great oratorio composers of the past. The scope of the “Redemption” is thus expressed in his own words: “This work is a lyrical setting forth of the three great facts on which depends the existence of the Christian Church. These facts are: I. The passion and the death of the Saviour. II. His glorious life on earth from his resurrection to his ascension. III. The spread of Christianity in the world through the mission of the Apostles. These three parts of the present trilogy are preceded by a Prologue on the Creation, the Fall of our First Parents, and the promise of a Redeemer.” The oratorio was conceived in 1867 and only completed a few years ago, the author having at various times returned to his task, which, when completed, he stamped as “*opus vite mee*.” He calls it a

"sacred trilogy," but there is no reason why it should not be called an oratorio, considering how great are the differences between the various kinds of stage plays classed together as "operas." From the older oratorio the "Redemption" differs chiefly by the omission of arias, and the transference of the melody from the vocal parts to the orchestra, which in Gounod's hands often becomes a vivid mass of rich or delicate colors. In these features it is easy to recognize the influence of Wagner; but Gounod has neither Wagner's inexhaustible wealth of *melos*, which is required to sustain the symphonic interest in the orchestra, nor has he in banishing the aria from the oratorio correctly applied Wagner's ideas. An aria is out of place in an opera because it arrests the action; but an oratorio has no action, hence it is the very place where an aria is called for. The declamation indulged in by the soloists would be eminently proper on the operatic stage, whereas on the concert stage it becomes monotonous. The frequent use of chromatic harmonies, as well as passages on pp. 28, 48, 135, etc., of the vocal score, shows that Gounod is familiar with the scores of "Siegfried," "Lohengrin," "Götterdämmerung," and "Carmen." A "typical melody" or leading motive of the Redeemer occurs frequently, but it is always in the same form and not subjected to the rhythmic and harmonic changes of Wagner's leading motives. Several of the choruses, including the chorales, are of great beauty; but in all of them except the last the absence of all attempts at polyphonic writing is noticeable, while in the orchestra it is frequently employed.

—About a year ago Brahms's second pianoforte concerto was for the first time played by the composer himself at one of the Philharmonic concerts in Vienna. It was subsequently incorporated into the repertory of Dr. von Bülow's travelling Meiningen orchestra, with which Bülow made such curious experiments. At one of his concerts, for example, Bülow played Beethoven's Ninth Symphony twice in succession, while at others all the musicians were called upon to play a symphony from memory. Brahms's concerto, too, was presented in an original fashion. First, it was played by Brahms while Bülow conducted, and then Brahms assigned the piano to Bülow, and himself took up the baton. Such odd but interesting experiments we have to dispense with in this country; but that we have all the requisites for giving a perfect performance of such a work as the new concerto was proved at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, when it was one of the features of the second Philharmonic concert. The orchestra was in one of its best moods, and by giving due emphasis and expression to each part enabled the hearer to follow readily the details of the very intricate score. Mr. Joseffy, who interpreted the piano part, and who, as usual, was obliged to add a piece of his own after the performance, astonished even his greatest admirers by the manner in which he performed his task. There is in this concerto but little of the light, graceful, and dainty, of which Mr. Joseffy has made a special study: it calls for sustained power, breadth of execution, and deep expression; and all these qualities Mr. Joseffy added to his easy mastery of the enormous difficulties which abound in the score. With pianists who only care to astonish the audience with tricks of virtuosity, the Brahms concerto will never become popular, because in it the piano does not appear as a sort of lyric prima donna, but merely as a component part of the orchestra. A Vienna critic has called it a symphony with piano obbligato; and this title is borne out by the fact that it consists of the four movements of a symphony—a fourth movement, which may be called a scherzo, al-

though it is marked *allegro appassionato*, having been added to the usual three movements of a concerto. It is, however, the least successful part of the work, recalling the gambols of bears and elephants rather than fairy movements; for Brahms is anything but lively and graceful. The *andante* can be readily appreciated at a first hearing, and it is only surpassed in beauty of treatment by the final movement, which also contains several of those pregnant ideas which, though not of frequent occurrence, mark the originality of Brahms's genius. Dr. Hanslick, who is Brahms's high priest, justly says that this concerto is related to the first as his clear, intelligible, and richly-colored second symphony is to the sultry, mysterious first. There is no excess of clearness, however, nor of spontaneity either in the second symphony or the second concerto. Erudition always prevails over imagination, and our feelings are rarely swayed by that irresistible force of genius which characterizes the works of Rubinstein, who will be placed high above Brahms by the verdict of posterity as the champion of absolute music in our period. It is true of all Brahms's works that they improve on closer acquaintance; but it is equally true that in his most inspired compositions—the sextet, one trio, the Rhapsodie, etc.—the beauty does not play at hide-and-seek with the audience, but becomes manifest at a first hearing. The other pieces on the programme, Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony and Raff's "Im Walde" or Forest Symphony, are too familiar to call for comment.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

MR. CHARLES YRIARTE'S 'Florence' (Scribner & Welford) will not, we incline to think, be found so readable as his 'Venice,' which appeared in an English translation just three years ago. But no one who owns the earlier work, or the intervening volume on 'Rimini,' will miss adding this to the series, which in its progress southward from city to city reminds one of the triumphant conquests of the Gauls. The superabundance of material and the largeness of his scheme seem to have hampered the author, and reduced him against his will nearly to the condition of a cataloguer. His endeavor, too, to give representations of Florentine works of art either less familiar or absolutely unpictured, has not, we infer, been as successful as he intended. There is a large number of unauthenticated sketchy portraits of artists which can but excite distrust, and even the copies of rare and unique engravings, like the Petrarch portrait, add little to the collector's store. Still, the number of illustrations of all kinds is very great, and the photogravures of sculptured works, particularly of funeral monuments, are a decided accession. So, too, are the curious facsimiles of contemporary engravings of the fêtes attending the nuptials of Bianca Capello. The divisions of the work embrace a specially full account of the Medici family; a short chapter on Florence's lead in the Renaissance; biographical notices of illustrious Florentines, which M. Yriarte considers the most novel feature; a glance at Etruscan art; the architectural monuments of Florence; sculpture, and painting. The volume, in size a quarto, is beautifully printed, solidly bound, and decorated externally in excellent taste.

'The Highways and Byways' of Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson (Harper & Bros.) is a permanent reproduction of articles that have appeared in the publishers' *Magazine*. That is to say, the text is the same, and the illustrations are identical; but the quarto page demanded a more generous letter, and in respect of paper and binding the volume is a worthy companion of the same author's 'Pastoral Days.' Mr. Gibson's

designs continue to be as delicate and poetic as hitherto, and some of his landscapes strike us as among his very best. In representations of the wayside tangle of weeds, and of all the neglected forms of humble or mischievous vegetation, he is without a rival. Excellent, too, is the drawing of the surprised old fisherman on the rail fence (p. 88); and the frontispiece of maiden reverie is interesting, even if the girl's figure is a little less robust than so sweet a face deserved. The book is divided into four chapters—"Along the Road," "The Squirrel's Highway," "Across Lots," "Among Our Footprints." All of them proceed from a deep love of nature and an intimate acquaintance with the New England country. The native inhabitants are typically hit off with great fidelity and much humor, and the animal creation of squirrel and bird and creeping thing is comprehended with both artistic and scientific insight. A literary flavor pervades the whole, and gives Mr. Gibson an unquestioned place among New England writers of out-of-doors, if we may coin and be permitted the expression; while his gift with the pencil, which, as we have before intimated, is the higher of the two, makes his position unique.

Mr. W. J. Linton could hardly have rendered his adopted country a greater service than by writing his 'History of Wood Engraving in America,' a labor of love which first saw the light in the *American Art Review*, and is now handsomely brought out by Estes & Lauriat. Mr. Linton both rescues from oblivion the pioneers, with Alexander Anderson at their head, and passes judgment on the "New School" and its representatives, with whom, it is well known, he is not in perfect sympathy. His criticisms, however they may be regarded, have the weight of expertness, and cannot fail of instruction when accompanied, as they often are, by the cuts under review. In a new chapter (ix.), which concludes the work, Mr. Linton extends his criticism, with the aid of several large engravings, including some of his own, and no one can mistake his standpoint or impugn the consistency of his argument. On the whole, we think the critical value of this work, for all who are interested in the art of engraving as amateurs or as practitioners, must be pronounced not inferior to the historical. We should add that the volume is provided with blank pages for the insertion of proofs illustrative of the subject, and that as no plates have been made, the edition (limited to 1,026 copies) is definitive.

In eight chapters and a few more than two hundred pages Mr. George E. Woodberry's 'History of Wood-Engraving' (Harpers) satisfactorily fulfils its purpose. Though some portions of it appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, it is not, strictly speaking, a popular history. It has avowedly a philosophic character, and is not content with a simple presentation of the successive phases of the art; the author's aim being to illustrate the value of wood-engraving as "a fine art practised for its own sake, as a trustworthy contemporary record of popular customs, ideas, and taste, and as an element of considerable power in the advancement of modern civilization." The details which make Jackson and Chatto's 'History' so valuable for reference and so difficult to digest, have been sparingly used by Mr. Woodberry, whether drawing from that or from other sources; and it is quite easy to grasp the lines of progress and the epochs of development and decay as indicated in his brief but orderly review. Like Mr. Linton, he ends with criticism of certain American engravings of recent date, which accompany the text, though, again like the English expert, he concedes that no engraver can be fairly judged without knowing what the draughtsman set before him. The tendency is to exact of the former

a higher artistic capacity than the latter possesses; that he should supplement the defects of the designer—put texture into his vague hints of surface, and bone and muscle into his mushy anatomy, fill his meaningless background with incident, correct his drawing and his perspective—in short, be the real artist, creating and not copying or literally interpreting. It is not hard to see the unreasonableness of this, and we should, in Mr. Woodberry's place, have felt safer in confining ourselves to praise of well-selected examples of the best work of the time. In one or two other particulars, of small importance, we should dissent from his statements or his views; for instance, we think he underrates the best achievements of modern German xylography, while giving as favorable specimens of it two charming woodcuts, to be sure, but a reversion to the facsimile and copperplate mode of engraving whose day is past for our author. The book is very fresh in its illustrations, and the cover is a remarkable success—none more elegant has come to our table this year.

There can be nothing new to say of Doré's illustrations of Dante's 'Inferno,' of which Cassell & Co. send us a new imprint from the plates (4to, pp. 183). The translation is Cary's.

Since the first appearance of Mr. Dana's 'Book of Household Poetry' (Appletons), in 1857, many similar collections have been put upon the market, but none has supplanted it. A new edition, revised a second time and enlarged, is now offered to the public in fresh type and in a shape designated as royal octavo. A convenient summary furnished by the publishers enables us to see at a glance who are the new-comers, and what is the best they bring with them. Some pieces that have taken a strong hold on popular favor—like Edwin Arnold's "He who Died at Azan," Sarah Flower Adams's "Nearer, my God, to Thee," William Knox's "O Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" (impliedly admitted because it was Lincoln's favorite poem), together with Bret Harte's "Plain Language from Truthful James" and C. G. Leland's "Hans Breitmann's Party"—have doubtless on this account obtained the editorial passport. Others, again, like Clough's "Where Lies the Land," Lowell's "Without and Within," Emerson's "Woodnotes," Pierpont's "Pilgrim Fathers," and perhaps George Eliot's "O may I join the Choir Invisible," may be regarded as afterthoughts of Mr. Dana's critical judgment. That six poems are admitted from Walt Whitman, and three from Rennell Rodd (his sponsor, Mr. Oscar Wilde, is allowed but a single representative, though long enough), strikes one as a whimsical deference to the fashion of the hour. Christina Rossetti, hitherto neglected, has but one poem allowed her, while Dante Rossetti is still "out in the cold." Yet we feel sure that the "catholic as well as severe taste" which the editor has sought to exercise would have been better manifested by a sample of this poet-painter than by either one, say, of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's newly admitted verses, or by a large number of others now first included by Mr. Dana. However, the collection is still a fine one, and one of its great merits is the accuracy of the text. We will call the publishers' attention to an error on page 457, by which "Thomas Dibdin" is printed for Charles Dibdin—not quite so ludicrous an exchange, by the way, as that we once saw, at the foot of a stanza on Longfellow, of "Austin Corbin" for Austin Dobson.

A number of single poems illustrated and otherwise fitted to become books hardly call for more than bare mention. If there be any choice amid a general mediocrity and feebleness of design, perhaps we should name first 'Bells Across the Snow,' by Frances Ridley Havergal (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The rest are Tennyson's 'Ring Out,

Wild Bells' (Lee & Shepard), the designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey; 'Rock Me to Sleep, Mother,' and Schiller's 'Song of the Bell' (Estes & Lauriat); Buchanan Read's 'Christine,' illustrated by F. Diehlman (Lippincott); and George Eliot's 'How Lisa Loved the King' (Claxton & Co.). With the foregoing may be classed Mrs. May Riley Smith's 'Gift of Gentians, and Other Poems' (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), in which the verses are mostly on domestic themes, and especially are calculated for the consolation of mothers. They could not be very inspiring to the artist, for they are unpretentious and not highly original; and in fact but one or two of the designs will delay him who turns the leaves critically.

Better than the "gift of gentians" we must esteem Amanda B. Harris's 'Wild Flowers, and Where They Grow' (D. Lothrop & Co.); but for the text rather than for Miss Humphrey's designs, though we prefer these to her imaginative work. The book is such pleasant and sympathetic gossip about the humbler growths of wood and pasture that it merited congenial and masterly illustration like that which Mr. Gibson might have given it.

Mr. Blackmore's fortunate novel, 'Lorna Doone,' celebrates its twentieth edition in fine linen and gilt, with the help of many illustrations. Those which represent the landscape of Devonshire, the scene of the story, heighten considerably the value of this edition for American admirers. It is issued in this country with the imprint of Jansen, McClurg & Co., and is altogether very comely.

We have searched in vain for a clew to the date of the six months' sojourn which prompted the Rev. Joseph Cross, D.D., to write, from his teeming note-books, his 'Edens of Italy' (T. Whittaker). Nothing in his unrelieved guide-book discourse points to any familiarity with the results of the recent excavations in Rome, for example, and there is no more freshness in his book as a whole than in the pictures, which surely are from forty to fifty years old. The excuse for such a compilation is accordingly not very apparent. The publisher's part has been executed in good taste.

R. Worthington has assumed a work originally produced in Philadelphia, 'The Legendary History of Rome,' from Baker's translation of Livy. The make-up of this large quarto is peculiar. A heterogeneous mass of illustrations, not one expressly prepared for this edition, unless the photogravure of Glaize's "Conjunction" be an exception, and none among the wood engravings being recent, are distributed through the text, and even through the notes when these consist of apposite selections from Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' The result is not a beautiful book, but the illustrations are generally of a helpful kind, and the print is excellent. Children, at least, may be trusted to make their way through the volume.

If we should be told that Dr. Andrew Wilson's 'Wild Animals and Birds, their Haunts and Habits' (Cassell & Co.) might properly be classed with juvenile works, we should not dissent. Any child would be interested by it, and would find a large part of it intelligible. Still, the style is evidently adapted for adults. The author, an evolutionist, is an instructor in biology and speaks by the card, but in a popular manner, with many pleasant anecdotes. As the engravings are also both large and good, the volume may be commended for the Christmas season or for any other.

The same publishers issue 'The Changing Year,' chiefly interesting to Americans as making them acquainted with numerous minor English poets, designers, and engravers; and 'Sea-Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil,' by Dr.

James Macaulay. This treats of the Sea in Poetry, the Physical Geography of the Sea, the Harvest of the Sea, and the Sea in History—all in a manner to instruct measurably, if not highly. We miss from the first chapter such poets of the sea as Wordsworth and Clough could be, on occasion.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—IV.

BESIDES Mr. Greey's 'Tokio,' already noticed, there is a remarkably large assortment this season of books of travel for children. In all respects Part iv. of Mr. T. W. Knox's 'Boy Travellers'—"Egypt and the Holy Land"—published by the Harpers, deserves to be named first, and stands least in need of being described, because the rest of the series have found such wide acceptance. Colonel Knox has the great advantage of a world-tourist, and is consequently able not only to check the works he draws upon to fill up his narrative, but to select wisely and to assimilate thoroughly. Hence, considering the mass of information he imparts—too great, at best, we are inclined to think—he is singularly successful in not fatiguing his readers. His humor has much to do with his success. An occasional touch like this (p. 73) does wonders. The duty of beating down prices in Egypt had been enforced:

"Frank profited by the advice, but carried the lesson too far. When he went the next day to the post-office to send some letters to America, the clerk weighed the letters, and told him the postage amounted to two francs and a half. The youth offered one franc and a half, and on the clerk refusing to accept it, he turned to walk away. Suddenly realizing the mistake he had made, he returned," etc.

The account of the Boulak Museum is made very interesting, and the discovery of the royal mummies last year is described at length. Zagazig, Tantah, Alexandria, and other names familiar since the late war occur, but the "Boy Travellers" had passed on to Syria before the outbreak. The illustrations are abundant, but some depicting Eastern costumes and character should have been discarded as never true, and as having no relation to Egypt.

Not a particle of humor entered into the production of 'Rip Van Winkle's Travels in Asia' (T. Y. Crowell), another "sequel" to a book published last year. Partly it covers the ground covered by the 'Boy Travellers,' and no better comparison of the methods of the two authors could be obtained than "Rupert Van Wert's" description of bathing in the Dead Sea (p. 181) affords. Here an authority, "a New York clergyman," is quoted direct; whereas Colonel Knox borrows from the same source, but in his own words, and with all the air of relating his personal experience. "Rip Van Winkle," a schoolmaster, sends letters home from a large part of creation, including Zanzibar, Madagascar, and India; but he was so little abreast of the times that he stopped at Pergamos without learning anything of the great sculptural find which is now the pride of the Berlin Museum. The book is very superficial.

The height of the improbable is reached in 'Our Young Folks in Africa,' by James D. McCabe (Lippincott). Ninety-four of its 312 pages are devoted to Algeria, and contain many solid chunks of history separated by pictures which seldom have any reference to the immediate text. The rest of the book is based upon Serpa Pinto's 'How I Crossed Africa.' Now, it would have been worth while openly to condense that florid work for youthful reading; and why should it not have been just as interesting as to introduce four preposterous, fine, manly, typical, wealthy young Americans and their professor, and to pretend that they had only to plan such a journey to find it feasible and secure parental con-

sent to it? We should have been spared seeing the Portuguese explorer's portrait figuring as "Professor Moreton," and his benefactors, the Collards, portrayed as the Gaillard family. Mr. McCabe does indeed leave the native African names untouched. One high-handed piece of international robbery he has been guilty of: the cuts on pp. 103, 104, 111 really relate to the French possessions in Senegambia, but are here transferred to Portugal, so that, for example, a view of St. Louis of Senegal does duty for St. Philip of Benguela. But most of the non-Algerian cuts are from Serpa Pinto's book.

We shall not discuss the merits of Mr. C. A. Stephens's 'The Knockabout Club Along Shore' (Boston: Estes & Lauriat). It opens with an hysterical defence of the defunct "Woodruff Expedition" and its plan, and we shall dismiss the book after making three quotations from pages which, if not addressed to children, are meant to be placed in their hands:

"Year by year the conviction deepens among Americans, that to plant a boy for four years in some dull little college town is not the most profitable way for him to spend those four of his best years. Surprisingly little comes of it in the way either of general culture or special fitting for the business of life" (p. 12).

"Twenty-three millions of dollars in club-houses and sumptuous *maisons de joie!*—tasteful beastliness. . . . But not a dollar for the Steamship College.

"The money of the country tends now more and more to run together into those chance pools termed great fortunes. . . . There will follow a stern and terrible (to the rich) commune, which will level all present laws of inheritance. Justly. . . . No child of a millionaire can deservedly inherit more than ten thousand dollars" (p. 14).

Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's 'Zigzag Journeys in the Occident' (Estes & Lauriat) is avowedly a *Tendenz* work. "It is the purpose," says the preface, "of this story-telling volume to explain homesteading, and to give a glance at the resources of the great Northwest and its opportunities for the emigrant." This seems rather singular food for babes, but Mr. Butterworth's truly zigzag method explains the mystery. He begins with an absurd conversation between the lads who are bent on journeying across the continent, and then launches into his usual medley of stories and original and selected verse, in which the thread of adventure is lost out of sight a hundred times. This, he admits, is "open to objection," but asks if it has not "proved popular," judging by sales?—a question more proper for a dime-novelist than for the maker of holiday books. It is enough to give as a sample of the information about "homesteading" that Garfield's career is lugged in, and his shooting by Guiteau depicted in a woodcut. The disorder of the text attends the cuts also, which in some places are shelved in rather than inserted. Such slovenly book-making is ruinous to the literary taste of the young.

The fair look of Mr. William H. Rideing's 'Boys in the Mountains' (of Colorado, namely), of which the Appletons are the publishers, together with his known skill as a magazine writer, led us to expect a good result. But his forte is evidently not story-telling, as it is not of most of the authors mentioned above, and he hardly struggles to keep up the pretext. The *dramatis personæ* are first introduced to us, and then the author enters upon the scene with long descriptions of the country and accounts of his own adventures. By and by he remembers that the young gentlemen should have the floor, and retires for a while in their favor; but he cannot stay away long, and so the see-saw goes on. Moreover, Mr. Rideing's style is not accommodated to his supposed readers. Hear him:

"Where these odd formations exist, fertility is usually absent, and the former seem like the off-

spring of some abnormal mood, some vindictive bit of coquetry on Nature's part, or some incomprehensible ambition in the direction of artifice" (p. 14).

The sincere self-depreciation of the author of 'Picturesque Journeys in America by the Junior United Tourist Club' (Worthington) disarms criticism. His scheme is not bad, but he has lacked the skill to carry it out. His children do not talk like children, and his language is too elevated for the majority. If it were necessary to go into details, we should question the accuracy of some of his Adirondack views and statistics.

No doubt there is much information conveyed in Mr. Harry W. French's 'Our Boys in India' (Lee & Shepard), but we cannot praise his choice of a sensational adventure—a Charlie Ross abduction—as a thread for his narrative. The conversation of the kidnappers is not edifying, and too much slang is put in the mouth of the boy in quest of his lost brother. He ends by pledging himself to turn missionary, and the friend who has inspired him to be a true hero applauds his resolution with "Go it, Scott. You're on the right track." The Indian illustrations, mostly from photographs, are the best things in the book.

Something of England was shown in a pretty way, by means of colored prints, in 'At Home,' published last year by Marcus Ward & Co. A companion book, 'Abroad,' now gives some idea of France, and of Normandy in particular. The story is told in rhyme constructed for the infant intellect, and serves well enough to explain foreign ways and scenes. In the interest of truth, however, we must object to the poetic license which accounts for the flag-women on the Continental railroads by assuming laziness and wilful neglect of duty on the part of their husbands.

Harper & Brothers publish an octavo volume, 'Building the Nation,' by Charles C. Coffin, intended to attract children to a study of the political and economical growth of the United States. The historical student might take exceptions to many of the writer's most unqualified assertions, and to his generally summary decisions upon points which are still debatable; but from the boy's point of view there is very little to criticise. The principal attraction is the illustrations, about 350 in number. Some of these are old acquaintances, having figured long ago in Abbott's 'Life of Napoleon' and elsewhere in the *Magazine* of the publishers. Others, such as the "Scene in Tangiers" and "The Desert," are thrust in without any very evident excuse; but the great mass are useful and attractive, and make up a satisfactory holiday book.

Mr. Charles Henry Hanson's 'Homer's Stories Simply Told' (T. Nelson & Sons) is a fairly good abstract of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' but derives no beauty from the author's phraseology. Much better work is the Rev. Alfred J. Church's 'Stories from the Greek Tragedians' (Dodd & Mead), in which the flavor of the original is skilfully retained by often very close paraphrases. Mr. Hanson, on the other hand, depends too much on long versified extracts. Both of these books have Flaxman's illustrations.

Two story-books from Macmillan, 'When Papa Comes Home,' by the clever author of 'When I was a Little Girl,' and Mrs. Molesworth's 'Rosy,' have in common the merit of good English and refined sentiment, and are both interesting, though in different ways. 'Tip, Tap, Toe,' as the first story is also called, has no plot, and just tells the doings from day to day and from week to week of a harmonious household, to whose complete happiness papa alone is wanting till the last page is reached. There is more humor in it than in 'Rosy,' which relates the chafing of a little girl dissatisfied with her "environment." Of 'A Moonbeam Tangle' (Cassell) what need be

said except that it is a flat and distant echo of 'Alice in Wonderland'?

Dr. True's 'Life of John Smith' (Phillips & Hunt) is well fitted to interest boys in the early history of their country, and may be recommended to those who wish this best class of books for boys—heroic biography. It is got up in a less elegant style than most boys' books at the present day, but it is in good plain type. The story of Smith and Pocahontas, we notice, is told in the old way, with no intimation that it is a fable. It is all right to relate such stories, but the reader should be cautioned about them in a note.

In 'Facts and Phases of Animal Life,' by Vernon S. Morwood (Appletons), we have certainly a remarkable production for this era of scientific activity. "The following pages," says the preface, "have been written chiefly for the young"; "several amusing and useful anecdotes, many of which are original," "have likewise been introduced, which may help the reader to form a proper estimate of the animals to which they refer." In the first chapter it is truly stated that "the following estimate of the number and classification of animals is both curious and wonderful." The estimate records the number of species of mammals as 1,658; of birds, 8,266; of snakes, 657; turtles, 8; sea-snakes, 7; insects, 550,000. The existence of other groups of animals is not even hinted at, though to the above, in a "classification of animals," p. 12, fish are added and defined as "the natives of our seas, rivers, lakes, and ponds," while insects are described as "all those creatures which come to a perfect state of existence by a metamorphosis process." In chapter ii. we are told that "the majority of the inhabitants of the great deep belong to the vertebrata, or to the finny tribes possessing a spine or backbone. From the tiny whitebait to the huge whale, every kind of fish is adapted," etc. Then follows an "amusing and useful anecdote," probably "original," about a codfish which "blew with great force" (!), and the author sagely remarks that "when we consider that naturalists have discovered 13,000 species of fish, one might almost suppose that this planet had been created purposely for them. The sea is indeed wonderful to contemplate." It would be useless to multiply extracts to show how worse than worthless is this miserable compilation. The "anecdotes" consist largely of obnoxious stories conspicuously silly, teeming with errors of fact, often superstitious or ludicrously credulous. It is a book which should not be put into the hands of any child. The illustrations are mostly old, worn cuts, which seem in part to have been taken from spelling-books of a past generation. The press-work and binding are good, and are the only good things about this publication, though the author is styled on the title-page "Lecturer to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

In refreshing contrast to the preceding appears Miss Arabella Buckley's 'Winners in Life's Race' (Appletons), a neat volume devoted to the vertebrates, which are denominated the "great backboneed family." This book, though complete in itself, forms a natural successor to the same author's 'Life and Her Children,' which treated of invertebrates, and carries the reader through the vertebrate series from *Amphioxus* to the apes. A careful examination has revealed no serious errors, and from incidental remarks it is evident that the author has resorted to recent and eminent authorities for the facts which are marshalled with praiseworthy clearness in orderly succession. The illustrations, though a trifle coarse in execution, are fresh, sufficiently accurate, and in a majority of cases original. There is little poetry, no cant, and no objectionable sentimentality. The paper and typography are

good, and there is an excellent index. But one criticism suggests itself: the clearness of the narrative is somewhat impaired and the style encumbered by the attempt to carry to completeness a substitution of colloquial for technical terms. "Feeding-tube," "backbone family," "milk-givers," "line of nerve telegraph" seem weak and unnecessary equivalents for "oesophagus," "vertebrata," "mammalia," and "nervous system." These terms are practically part of the language, and have, in this country at least, long passed out of the technical stage. In a work of this sort they strike one much as "blazer," "beamer," and "twinklers" would, in an elementary astronomy, as equivalent terms for sun, moon, and stars. This, however, is a comparatively small matter. The book is to be heartily recommended.

A Group of Etchers. With Text. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1882.

THIS collection of twenty etchings includes plates by some of the best modern etchers—Haden, Herkomer, Rajon, Hamerton, and Whistler among them. They are bound up in a handsome folio, with text accompanying each plate, and the whole is in good taste, with exception of some showy and meaningless gilt ornamentation on the cover.

Mr. Seymour Haden's plate, "Twickenham Church," the first one in the series, is by a widely-known and appreciated artist. What Mr. Haden does is done—so far as concerns the technical processes of etching—in a masterful way. There is neither timidity, correction, nor technical fault in his lines or touches, but they are, on the other hand, by no means of such character and significance as to justify the freedom with which they are executed. Mr. Haden is an artist of much natural feeling and power, but his work often shows the want of thorough discipline in the very elements of graphic design. He seldom grasps the character and beauty of natural lines. His trees and herbage are inorganic and often meaningless; and his rendering of the forms of earth, sky, and water is equally inexpressive. Moreover, he seldom shows a fine sense of proportion or design in the general construction of a subject. These defects are illustrated in the plate under consideration. The great mass of foliage on the left is not simply sketchy, as it might be generally considered, but it is without suggestion of form. The lines and touches in it do not indicate thought and purpose: they are not graphic. Regarded simply as a mass of shade, it is equally unhappy, being at once heavy, unbalanced, and unconnected with other parts, save with the dark grasses, which are led out across the foreground with a downward inclination that gives an unpleasant slanting impulse to the design. In his great plate etched from Turner's "Calais Pier" such defects do not appear. Here the composition and the leading lines were already prepared by a great designer, and on this basis his own skill as an etcher could work with good effect. We by no means mean to imply that Mr. Haden supplied nothing beyond his mere technical skill in translating the design into the terms of etching, though to do that well would be in itself worthy of high praise. We think he did much more than this. He entered with sympathy into the spirit of the work, and found his own best artistic powers quickened by it, so that the result is a great deal more than a mere abstract of Turner. It is, in some sense, an original and a great creation.

"Words of Comfort," by Mr. Hubert Herkomer, represents a peasant-girl reading from the Bible to an aged woman. The form and pose of the girl—especially of the arms, one of which supports the book while with the hand of the

other she is about to turn a leaf—are graceful and true beyond what is common in modern art. But there is a want of harmony in the outlines which injures the effect of the work. This is shown in the unduly thick line of the girl's upper arm, and the very thin ones of the sleeve just above it. There is also a want of harmony between the thick outline of the face and the very delicate shading within it. We do not mean that outlines ought always to be of precisely the same strength. But, as a general principle, they should, for good effect, be at least approximately so. The drawing of the drapery and the other subordinate parts of this subject is too vague and inaccurate in suggestion.

The example by Rajon, after a picture called "Prayer," by Chalmers, is a poor specimen of this artist's work, which has occasionally been of the highest excellence. The defect of overshading is very marked, and is not atoned for by qualities like those of his expressive and masterly portraits of Darwin and Mill.

Mr. Hamerton's plate, "Moonrise on the Terminus," though suggestive of a pleasing sentiment, is very imperfect in expression of the facts of nature which are treated. The full moon is rising into a sky mostly covered with bars of dark cloud, deepening gradually toward the zenith. Under such a sky nothing could exhibit the strong light (the untouched white paper) which Mr. Hamerton has given to his foreground water, and even to the banks on either side of it. The whole chiaroscuro—and the subject is one in which true suggestion of chiaroscuro would be nearly everything—is thus false and disagreeable. In point of drawing, the masses are hard and edgy, though there is evidence of effort to be truthful in form, especially in the trees. The design evinces little sense or power of composition. It is simply a commonplace actual scene ungrammatically rendered; and it does not fairly represent Mr. Hamerton's abilities as an artist and etcher.

"Billingsgate," by Whistler, is one of this artist's rough sketches on copper. It shows his limitations as regards delineation and design more fully than it does his good and subtle qualities. Little detailed remark is necessary upon the other plates of this series. The frontispiece, "In Summer Woods," by C. P. Slocombe, contains some fairly good tree drawing, but it is scattered and spotty in light and shade. There is not enough middle-tint. The darks are over-bitten and are too equally black; and in the shading of the principal tree-trunk the reflected light contends too strongly with the high light. In Mr. Frederick Slocombe's "Winter Evening" the composition is good, and the naked tree forms are well outlined against the bright sky; but the chiaroscuro is in some minor respects faulty. The roadway ought to reflect more light from so bright a sky, and the figures would certainly tell more as strong darks against it. We have before in these columns expressed our conviction that the method of producing tints by *retroussage* is a bad one when pushed too far, because its results are largely a matter of chance. The effect in this plate is got by this method, and we think that had it been produced by the artist's own work on the metal the faults we have just noticed might not have existed. The "Rood-Screen in the Church of St.-Etienne du Mont," by H. Tousseint, is a skillful though a somewhat mechanical and overwrought piece of etching. "The Vanguard," by Murray, after a picture by MacWhirter, is a clever rendering of a vigorous piece of naturalistic painting. The worst plate in the book is "The Wayfarer," a dry-point by Legros. It seems to us utterly bad in all points of design and execution, with the one exception that it, more than any other in the series, conforms to the essential principle of etching as a process of

frank delineation rather than of elaborate rendering of tones. In nearly all the rest there is evidence of more or less misunderstanding of this principle. The limitations of etching are, like those of all other processes, such as grow out of the nature and capabilities of the materials employed. When these are understood etching is seen to be, first, a method of pure delineation, as in the plates of the "Liber Studiorum," and, second, of suggestion, though never of full realization, of tonic values.

John Randolph. By Henry Adams. [American Statesmen.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

WE already have a larger and more complete life of Randolph, by Hugh A. Garland, but it has left full room for Mr. Adams's biography. The two sketch the Virginian from altogether different standpoints. His pride of ancestry, his arrogance and self-sufficiency, his contempt for all law except individual will and power, his greed for land, his thriftlessness, even his bad personal habits, are conscientiously detailed by both; but the ingenuous and unconscious sympathy of Garland, and the evident antipathy of Adams, make them almost biographers of their sections as well as of their subjects, and will in conjunction give the reader a stereoscopic view of John Randolph in his round (or linear) entirety.

The different attitude of Garland gives his work, viewed as a biography, the greater value, for Randolph was to him a man, with all the affections, purposes, and disappointments of a man. To Mr. Adams, Randolph is, if not quite a lay figure on which to hang historical drapery, at least a cadaver, to be curiously dissected for the instruction of an interested class. However this may detract from the interest of the book as a biography, it very much increases its value to the political student. From no other source can he get such clear light upon the nature and influence of the decade, beginning with the annexation of Louisiana in 1803 and ending with the declaration of war against Great Britain in 1812, which sealed the death-warrant of State sovereignty, and changed the whole current of the country's history. It found the United States theoretically a congeries of sovereign States, and when the wave had passed it left behind it a nation. It found Randolph at the head of State Sovereignty Democrats; it left him stranded and helpless amid a new order of things, out of sympathy with his State, with his party, with the Administration, with the country, and with his whole political environment. It ruined his career, as it did that of every other leader who was not careful, while maintaining State sovereignty in words, to respect the national sovereignty in fact. Randolph, almost alone, endeavored to practise as well as preach the ancient theory, and he was as out of place in the Congresses of 1812-30 as a survivor of the Tertiary period would have been in Barnum's "happy family." In presenting to view this change in the national life, Mr. Adams has done a distinct and excellent piece of work, and has given us in one small volume more of general, if less of special, interest than is contained in the two larger volumes of his predecessor.

Egypt under its Khedives; or, The Old House of Bondage under New Masters. By Edwin De Leon, ex-Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. Harper & Bros.

MR. DE LEON's account of 'Egypt under its Khedives' is a timely republication, with additions, of a well-known work he wrote some years ago, in Ismail's time, known as 'The Khedive's Egypt.' The present treatise brings the modern

history of Egypt up to the summer of the present year by means of a prefatory chapter on "the rise of Arabi Pasha and the Egyptian Revolt." Certainly, in respect of some of the purely military aspects of the revolt, Mr. De Leon, writing before the active English intervention, showed remarkable prescience. He says:

"Both Arabi and his 'National party' will collapse, like pricked balloons, should the threats of England be followed up by deeds, and the forts of Alexandria be knocked about his ears, with a respectable force landed at Abukir, Port Said, Ismailia, and Suez. That he would make fight is probable, but that fight could neither be bloody nor protracted, and his own courage and resolution would not be imitated by his army, now being reinforced by raw levies, picked up starving in the streets of Alexandria and Cairo."

Our author ventures on another chapter of prophecy, which events also seem in the course of fulfilling. He anticipates that the result of the revolt will be to weaken the connection between Egypt and Turkey. He says:

"The march of events has also strengthened the opinion expressed five years ago, that the Siamese ligue which has so long united the Arab to the Turk ought to be cut away, and Egypt form the nucleus of an Arabic-speaking Empire, independent of the Porte. It would indeed be a sad commentary on the morals of Christendom if Christian hands are again to rivet Turkish chains on a country from which a potent genius and patriotism freed it more than a century ago."

The work before us is a most readable history of modern Egypt, beginning with the establishment of the present dynasty under Mohammed Ali. The account of the last Khedive, Ismail, is a little too much *couleur de rose*, as might be expected from an author who was in diplomatic relations of a friendly kind with Ismail's Government. The more favorable side of Ismail's rule, which chiefly related to the public improvements, often of a most extravagant kind, is done more than justice to by Mr. De Leon, while the profligacy of the Court and the corruption of the whole Administration are passed over with too light a hand. However, there is scarcely a subject, social or political, relating to the present condition of Egypt which does not find a place in Mr. De Leon's book; and on some of these subjects, such as the history of the Suez Canal, and the different schemes originally devised for the International Tribunals, it is not always easy to obtain elsewhere full and generally correct information.

A question is suggested by comparing the new prefatory chapter with the substantial part of the book, as to how far the recent military movement conducted by Arabi was an organic sequence of earlier events and how far it was an exceptional and, as it were, isolated catastrophe. Writing at the time of the Conference at Constantinople, Mr. De Leon was scarcely in a position to contemplate the events as a whole, and in relation to what had gone before; and even now it is somewhat premature to be philosophical. But one thing is perfectly clear, that the complicated international arrangements, including the Anglo-French Financial Control, had the effect of making the civil administration in Egypt dangerously weak—so weak that a moderately well-organized army, under a united body of officers, must have in any case competed closely with it, even if there had been no real grounds of disaffection to the dynasty of Mohammed Ali on which a popular revolt might be ostensibly built. That there were such grounds it needs only the account of Ismail's indebtedness and oppression, as told in Mr. De Leon's pages, to establish. The misfortune was that, through unscrupulous military ambition, the people were induced to try and shake themselves free from that European intervention which, with all its faults, had alone stood between them and their profligate and avaricious despots.

My Portfolio: A Collection of Essays. By Austin Phelps, D.D., late Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

A son of Erin, attacked upon his travels by a ferocious dog, gave him a disabling blow with the big end of his stick. The owner of the dog expostulated with him, and suggested that he might at least have used the little end. To which Pat replied: "Why didn't he come at me with his little end?" This fable teaches that Dr. Phelps would have done well, perhaps, to have inverted the order of his recent publications. He came first with his 'Theory of Preaching'; next, he published his 'Men and Books,' a much lighter performance; and now we have his 'Portfolio,' which is lighter still, and more engaging. Beginning with this the reader would have been more likely to go on to the others than, beginning with 'The Theory of Preaching,' to arrive at this. The papers printed here may meet with various objections, but we can hardly imagine that any one should find them dull. They are too combative, too positive, too dogmatic to be amenable to the charge of "dear, sacred dullness." The most if not all of them have appeared before in various weekly papers. The first three are a warm and loving portraiture of Dr. Eliakim Phelps, the father of the writer. Two papers follow on "The Rights of Believers in Ancient Creeds." Some of the rights contended for will be allowed by all fair-minded persons. Others will not—for example: "The right to subscribe a confession as a whole without being held to endorsement of its every detail." These papers have an obvious and interesting bearing on the Dr. Newman Smyth controversy. But though Dr. Phelps is disposed to ameliorate to some extent the harshness of the ancient creeds, he has his fundamentals, and he insists upon them frankly, as in the article on "The Biblical Doctrine of Retribution." Chapters on "The Puritan and Christian Theories of Sunday" and on "Sunday Cars" have at the present moment a timeliness which they had not a few months ago. Concerning these matters Dr. Phelps is a strict-constructionist, for reasons clearly stated. Other subjects treated are "Woman Suffrage," which is tried in the balances with negro suffrage and found wanting, and "The Length of Sermons." The wisdom of the Doctor on the latter topic is that of the farmer who insisted that you couldn't plant potatoes too deep unless you planted them a little deeper than you ought to.

Natural History and Sport in Moray. By Charles St. John, author of 'Wild Sports of the Highlands,' 'Tour in Sutherland,' etc. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1882. Large 8vo.

CHARLES ST. JOHN was evidently born a naturalist and sportsman, but appears to have had authorship thrust upon him. The thrust has been so effectual that he has taken permanent place in the literature of his favorite and lifelong pursuits, and seems not unlikely to become a modern Gilbert White. The editor of this latest, but doubtless not last, edition of his principal work gives some hints of its development into its present shape; but to trace its history satisfactorily we have been obliged to look elsewhere. St. John probably first appeared in print in 1845, in the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, when J. Lockhart was editor of that review. This was through the services of his friend C. Innes, then Sheriff of Moray, his present editor. "At that time I was in the habit," says Mr. Innes, "of writing an article occasionally for the *Quarterly*, and I put together one on Scotch sport, using as my material some of St. John's chapters. . . . The paper pleased Mr. Lockhart. 'It would be sufficient,' he said, 'to float any number.' . . ." In 1846 or 1847 (probably

the former year^{*)} was published a small volume entitled 'Short Sketches of Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands,' from the journals of St. John. This either appeared originally in, or was subsequently incorporated with, the series known as "Murray's Home and Colonial Library." This was followed in 1849 by 'A Tour in Sutherland,' 2 vols., containing his 'Field Notes of a Naturalist.' The latter work, for some reason, was not successful. The preface to the first edition of the present work, dated July 6, 1863, states that it was made up of entries in St. John's journals and note-books, incidents related in letters to his friends, and a careful description of the birds of Moray; with which new materials were incorporated the substance of the 'Field Notes' published in 1849. The author was born Dec. 3, 1809, and died July 12, 1856. The sumptuous, almost luxurious, volume before us is thus seen to be a second edition of that published in 1863, which itself consisted in part of matter from the 'Tour in Sutherland,' 1849, and was intimately related to the 'Wild Sports' of 1846 or 1847.

Such is a bibliographical outline of these 'Notes on Moray,' which were at once welcomed by all lovers of nature, "like the scent of heather bells or breezes freshened from the wave," and made Charles St. John's "a name dear to lovers of nature and manly sport." The editorship is the same, after a lapse of nearly twenty years, Sheriff Innes apparently inditing the note which prefaces the volume, in which he states that he has not thought it necessary to add anything beyond a few foot-notes to the text as approved by friends of the author in 1862.

The feature of the present edition is the series of forty beautiful sketches made specially for this volume by Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., and Mr. J. Wycliffe Taylor, reproduced by heliogravure, and printed by A. Durand, of Paris; together with numberless pieces from St. John's own sketch-book, introduced into the text. "It was somewhat puzzling," says the editor, "to know how to treat Mr. St. John's very vigorous pen-and-ink jottings—whether to have them prettily copied and 'improved' by a trained draughtsman, or reproduced in all their roughnesses by photography. A few experiments made it clear that the latter was the proper course, and these very graphic sketches have thus been given precisely as the author carelessly touched them off, while the impression was fresh upon his own mind." "Roughness" they certainly possess, almost as if St. John had thrown the inkstand at the paper, but withal a spirit of suggestiveness which makes them well-nigh unique among portraits of birds and other animals; and we cannot be too grateful to the editor for presenting them in this form.

St. John, like many another ardent sportsman and true naturalist whose works are treasures in the literary storehouse of natural history, seems to have been a thoroughly "unbookish" man, and a volume further from suspicion of mere bookmaking than this one would be far to seek. It smells of the woods and fields and streams, and their varied inhabitants; of the gun and rod, too, though not reeking with gunpowder, like the South African hunting-scenes of the author's most intimate friend, Gordon Cumming, who so tenderly cared for the closing scenes of his life. How much is owed to the editor respecting the final form the author's manuscripts acquired, we cannot say; but a more agreeable and appropriate style of narrative than that of many of the passages in this work is seldom to be found. The author appears to have paid

^{*)} See *Zoologist*, first series, v., 1847, pp. 1506-1600, where appears a long editorial notice, doubtless by "Rusticus" (Edward Newman).

more attention to birds than to any other animals, and the volume is chiefly ornithological in the best sense of that term. His qualities as a close and accurate observer and scrupulously accurate recorder render his work a rich mine of information respecting the habits of birds, down to the ultimate details of their lives. Witness the directness and point of the opening paragraph:

"During the month of January, the wood-pigeons (*Columba palumbus*) commence feeding greedily upon the turnips. They do not, in my opinion, dig into the roots with their bills unless rabbits or rooks have been there before them to break the skin of the turnip. In fact, the wood-pigeon's bill is not at all adapted for cutting into a frozen and unbroken turnip. The crops of those which I kill at this season are full of the leaf of the turnip; and they appear not to attack the centre or heart of the green leaf, but to eat only the thin part of it. The wood-pigeon feeds more particularly on the leaf of the Swedish turnip, which is more succulent."

And so on, from beginning *in medias res*, through a chapter or two for every month in the year, to *l'envoy*, printed at the end, and breathing the very spirit of the book:

"In conclusion, I may say I have aimed neither at bookmaking nor at giving a scientific description or arrangement of birds and other animals. All I wish is, that my rough and irregularly put together notes may afford a few moments of amusement to the old, and to the young not amusement only, but perhaps an incitement to them to increase their knowledge of natural history, the study of which in all its branches renders interesting and full of enjoyment many a ramble and many an hour in the country which might otherwise be passed tediously and unprofitably. We all know that there is scarcely a foot of ground that is not tenanted by some living creature, which, though it may offer itself to our observation in the loathly shape of an insect or even a minute shell, is as perfect in all its features and parts, in its habits and instincts, and as demonstrative of the surpassing wisdom and power and goodness of the Creator, as the most gigantic quadruped which walks the earth."

The appreciative and feeling memoir of the author is by Mr. Innes; and the admirable piece of story-telling about the Muckle Hart of Benmore—apparently that which occasioned Lockhart's encomium in 1845—seems to have been finished by the same hand. Mr. Archibald Young, Commissioner of the Scotch Salmon Fisheries, contributes a valuable appendix on the herring. The well-known and perfectly competent ornithologist, Mr. J. A. Harvie-Brown, furnishes a systematic or classified index to the birds, with the most approved modern nomenclature. Mr. Douglas has evidently spared nothing to perfect the making of an elegant volume in every detail of mechanical execution.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Elizabeth Akers. *Rock Me to Sleep, Mother*. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1 50.
Blackmore, R. D. *Lorna Doone: a Romance of Exmoor*. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.
Brinton, D. G. *The Maya Chronicles*. Library of Aboriginal American Literature. No. 1. Philadelphia: D. G. Brinton.
Bull, Sara C. *Ole Bull: a Memoir*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Cross, Rev. J. *Edens of Italy*. With numerous illustrations, map, and index. T. Whittaker. \$5.
Cunningham, Mrs. B. Sim. *In Sancho Panza's Pit*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$1 50.
Dios Iren. *Erinnerungen eines französischen Offiziers an die Tage von Sedan*. Stuttgart: Carl Krubbe; New York: Westermann.
E. A. M., Mrs. *Nonpareil Practical Cook-Book*. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. \$1 50.
Ellot, George. *How Lisa Loved the King*. Philadelphia: E. Claxton & Co. \$1 50.
Everett, J. D. *Vibratory Motion and Sound*. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co.
Forbes, R. B. *Personal Reminiscences*. Second edition, revised. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Francillon, R. E. *Quits at Last: an Account in Seven Items*. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 15 cents.
Gibbons, Phebe Earle. *Pennsylvania Dutch, and other Essays*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$2.
Gibson, W. R. *Highways and Byways; or, Saunterings in New England*. Harper & Brothers.
Lewis, Ion. *The Poetical Works of Alonso Lewis*. Boston: A. Williams & Co.
Linton, W. J. *The History of Wood Engraving in America*. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Little Sister. *No-Name Series*. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Lowell, Mrs. Anna C. *Posies for Children*. Selected. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.
McCabe, J. D. *Our Young Folks in Africa*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$1 75.
MacDonald, G. *Weighed and Wanting*. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Macdonald, R. *From Day to Day; or, Helpful Words for Christian Life*. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$2.
Morwood, V. S. *Facts and Phases of Animal Life*. D. Appleton & Co. \$1 50.
New Arabian Nights. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$2.
Newell, W. *Discourses and Poems: A Memorial Volume*. Boston: George H. Ellis. \$1 50.
Newell, W. W. *Reveries: How and When?* A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$1 25.
O'Donovan, E. *The Merv Oasis: Travels and Adventures East of the Caspian in 1879-80-81*. In two vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$7.
Parkman, F. *Les Jésuites dans l'Amérique du Nord*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Poole, R. S. and others. *Lectures on Art*. Macmillan & Co. \$1 50.
Read, T. R. *Christine*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$1 50.

Fine Arts.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION.

THERE is hardly any better work done by our artists at the present time than that which is designed for the publishers of books and periodicals, to be engraved on wood. In the pages of the *Century* and of *Harper's Magazine* one may find material for a tolerably fair estimate of what is best in American art, as regards power of drawing and design. The present exhibition in the galleries of the Academy is largely composed of works thus executed for reproduction; and this object gives the practice of elaborating designs in black and white a *raison d'être* which it would not otherwise have.

Among the 491 pictures now hung in the galleries there is nothing of remarkable character; but there is a good deal that is worthy of praise in one respect or another, and not a little which indicates possibilities much beyond anything that is actually attained. No. 23, "A Pioneer House, Kentucky," by W. H. Drake, is a suggestive pen-sketch showing good feeling for the picturesque qualities of a simple subject, and considerable power of drawing. But it has the very common fault of being too unequal in strength of line and touch, and unequal in a meaningless way. For instance, the trees and buildings are drawn in with firm and black lines, while the group of figures and the roadway, in the nearer foreground, are rendered in pale lines. It would be better if the conditions were reversed; for distant things may, with more reason, be delineated in pale lines, although in pure line work like this, where tones are not expressed, very little if any difference ought to be made between near and distant things as regards strength of execution. That is to say, in delineation we should, as a rule, have delineation pure and simple, according to the method of Holbein, Titian, Turner, and all other excellent workmen. No. 26, "Down by the Shore," by Arthur Quartley, is a good arrangement of light and dark; but the drawing is indeterminate, and, in the water, it is wholly characterless. It is not essential, indeed, that drawing should be very determinate in mere sketches of light and shade like this, but it ought not to be wholly without character. No. 150, "Dawn," by the same artist, is a good effect of morning twilight. The design is injured, however, by the long wooden building with a painfully rigid roof-line. Such buildings constantly occur in our American landscape, it is true; but an artist of feeling will generally avoid them, especially where they form so conspicuous a feature in a subject. In the boats moored against the wharf, in this design, the rigging is too pale, and is executed with too soft and crumbling a line. In nature, these ropes would appear clear and dark against the bright sky. No. 32, "A Twilight," by Bruce Crane, contains so much unmodified black that its value in setting off the

other tones is largely lost. Too much of the subject is thrown into deep shade. Even under those effects of nature where there is least light, as in moonlight, the deepest shades occur in points rather than in extensive masses.

No. 35, by Mr. E. Blashfield, represents a child seated before a piano, and a young lady placing its hand upon the keys. Various disposed about the room are some glazed jars, and on the piano is a dark, shiny bust. The execution of the whole subject is skilful, but far too much is made of the sharp lights on the varnished wood of the piano-case, on the glazed jars, and on the salient parts of the bust. A sparkling effect results from this which destroys quietness and truth. No. 39, "Zephyr," by George W. Maynard, together with the six other contributions by this artist, while showing a degree of power that might be turned to good account, is a most ungraceful and even a repulsive thing, in every quality of form and composition. Not only is the figure an extremely ugly one, but there is not a true nor a finely sweeping line in all the fluttering drapery which partially envelops it. In point of execution, also, these drawings of Mr. Maynard's may be taken as examples of all that is vicious. No. 54, "Looking up the Arno," by Walter Shirlaw, affords illustration of the inadequacy of the rough popular modes of conception and treatment in charcoal drawing, when dealing with subjects in which grace of line and fineness of proportion are leading elements. The Ponte Vecchio in Florence is extremely fine in the proportions of its piers and arches; and the picturesque old buildings along the shores of Arno exhibit many graceful roof lines against the sky caused by settlement of time, and variety of inclination and altitude. These characteristics constitute the essential charm of such a subject. They constitute, in fact, nearly all that makes it worth drawing. But Mr. Shirlaw gives not the slightest expression of them. His Ponte Vecchio and his Arno houses do not differ in these respects from the most commonplace objects of this sort. Nor can we commend more highly his other contributions in charcoal. His "Washing at Roman Well," No. 59, is an ill-composed and ill-drawn group of figures. They are falsely conceived in chiaroscuro—not telling against the bright sky in the darkness of mass; that each figure would have under that effect in nature. The circular marble basin, too, around which these figures are gathered, is drawn incorrectly. His "Italia (Panel Design)," No. 142, is the largest and most conspicuous example in the exhibition. It shows more excellence of drawing than any of his other works in this collection. But it is a spotty piece of design, and it bears, in parts, considerable likeness to the work of the English painter, Burne Jones, although it possesses none of the beauty of that master's work.

No. 86, "French Fishing-Smack," by Mr. Harry Chase, is good in expression of movement, in waves and sails, and the boat is buoyant and well poised. More middle tint, set off by smaller points of extreme shade, would improve the design, however, which is otherwise very good in point of chiaroscuro and in composition of lines. "An Old-Time Melody," No. 115, by Mr. Percy Moran, is a pretty subject, executed with much apparent facility, and with a good deal of power as regards general drawing, though it nowhere reaches any subtle qualities. The chiaroscuro is not well studied. It has the look of being made up in a conventional manner. One cannot tell for certain where the light comes from. The strong light on the young lady's arm and sleeve would indicate that it came from the window which she is facing, but the head, which is more exposed to that light—the arm being below the top of the up-

right piano which comes between the window and the figure—is very slightly, if at all, influenced by light from that quarter. We would not say positively that this is wrong—chiaroscuro depending upon so many conditions that may not be known—but it has a wrong look to us; more especially since the general light and shade of the picture has a conventional and uncertain appearance. This is most marked, perhaps, in the apparently forced suppression of the various subordinate objects, particularly the arm-chair in the background. No. 130, "Over the Roots (Chioa-town, San Francisco)", by Julian Rix, is effective in execution, and has a strong look of nature, though the subject is unworthy of an artist's skill. The picturesqueness of interesting or noble things—like rural cottages or architectural ruins—may supply material for beautiful art; but the roofs of China-town, in San Francisco, possess no elements of beauty or pathos which should commend them to the artist as subjects for painting. A pencil head, No. 199, by J. Symington, shows uncommon power of drawing. The outline of the top of the head is remarkable for sureness and freedom. In the shades, however, there is too much uncertainty and confusion. Photographs from the drawings of the old Florentine masters illustrate what is best in work of this kind. They not only teach a true and tranquil manner of outline and simple shade, but they show also that drapery may be executed with freedom, and at the same time with accuracy. Mr. Symington's drapery is unnecessarily loose and inaccurate. We are glad to see a drawing of this kind, and we think that excellent results would follow if our artists should form the habit of working more in this way. Mr. George H. Smillie exhibits a considerable number of lead-pencil sketches of landscape subjects. They are pleasant things, somewhat in the manner of Harding's lithographs, though lacking the truth and variety as well as the power of Harding.

In the Northwest Gallery are hung a number of etchings and engravings of varying interest and merit. Of these No. 277, "A Corner of Portland," by C. A. Platt, is a clever etching in Whistler's vein, and with some approach to Whistler's skill. No. 281, "Public Garden, Venice," by H. M. Rosenberg, has some gondolas in the foreground which quite miss the subtle beauty of form that is characteristic of the Venetian gondola. No. 285, "Old Welland Canal," by Edith Cooper, is a delicate and unaffected etching, though the artist could, we think, by resolute effort, express distance with more truth and mystery. Her "Mother and Child," No. 299, is too much elaborated, and it is ill drawn in parts. The hair of the figures and the surfaces and folds of the draperies are not well studied. No. 286, a portrait by Léon Richeton, shows some beautiful work with the needle in the development of the profile edges, and in modelling of masses. His portrait of Dean Stanley, No. 301, is also a good quiet piece of work. No. 311, a portrait of Carlyle, is less excellent. Mr. Henry Farrer's "East

River Sunset," No. 291, is by no means up to his best mark. The principal boat is very badly drawn, and the whole execution is mannered and wanting in graphic significance. Indeed, we regret to see this mannerism growing upon Mr. Farrer; for he is an artist of excellent native capacity, and his large plate here, No. 322, is, in spite of this tendency, a very beautiful work. It is a quiet passage of familiar autumn landscape. A stream of water crosses the foreground with partly denuded trees rising out of the opposite bank, and a level stretch of meadow land with more distant trees beyond. The trees are all drawn with feeling and character, and the large one on the right is a masterly piece of delineation. Mr. Farrer's etching always conforms to what may be called the normal characteristics of the process. Mr. Seymour Haden's two plates, Nos. 303 and 313, convey a very inadequate idea of his best powers as an etcher. They are over-shaded and heavy, with little expression of feeling for the visual facts of nature. No. 335, "Giant Goatsucker," by Frank French, is a highly-skilful piece of work. It possesses qualities akin to those of Bewick, save that it lacks Bewick's appreciation and truthful drawing of the order and flow of the plumage.

On the south wall of the corridor is hung a group of drawings by some of the foremost of our rising artists. Among these are three by F. Dielman, William M. Chase, and J. Alden Weir respectively. No. 478, "A Girl I Know," by Dielman, has none of the ragged and sketchy execution which is now so common. But it is so smoothly wrought, and the edges of all objects represented are so equally softened, that the character of the work verges on mere prettiness, and gives it somewhat the aspect of an over-elaborated photograph. It has, also, the further defect of faultful tonic relations, the lighted portions of the face, and those of the white kerchief folded across the breast, being of precisely the same value. The shaded side of this white kerchief, and the dark sleeve just below it, have also the same value. There is no justification for this in a drawing which is so fully shaded, and the defect, together with that first mentioned, detracts greatly from the merits of an otherwise beautiful drawing. Mr. Chase's "Burgomaster," No. 485, is comparatively rough in execution, but it is similarly incorrect in its rendering of related values. There is also an unquietness of the masses which destroys breadth and unity. The shaded side of the face is full of scattered light spots, and the light side is similarly disturbed by dark spots. That is to say, the details of modelling and marking are not enough subordinated to the general effect. The same remarks may apply to the other parts: into the white shirt dark patches of shade are carried which rival the depth of the dark outer garment, and the background is broken and unquiet like the rest. Mr. Weir's figure, No. 486, is like a study of an indifferent model. It is without grace of pose or strict veracity of drawing or tone. Yet it has qualities which make us feel that the

artist might, if he would, do excellent work. Nearly all our rising artists need, we are convinced, more than anything else, to subject themselves to courses of discipline of a kind which cannot be had in Parisian schools or studios, but only in the galleries and churches of Italy, and especially of Venice, where all the fundamental qualities of painting are to be found in balanced perfection. In closing our remarks on this exhibition we must say that the catalogue is disfigured by a title-page of pretentious ugliness, the influence of which cannot be otherwise than pernicious. The illustrations, also, are without exception about as bad as they could be. A cleanly-printed catalogue, without any decorations or illustrations whatever, would be vastly preferable.

There is little that need be said of the exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association, which opened to the public on the 11th instant. It is largely made up of pictures from the fall exhibition of the Academy. Among those which did not appear at the Academy, and deserving of high praise, is a picture by Mr. Gilbert Gaul, No. 184. It represents a soldier reclining in bivouac, on frozen ground, with a fire of a few sticks at his feet, while a comrade approaches from the distance with an armful of fresh fuel. The truth and pathos of the conception are in all respects admirable, and the execution shows a power over form and color hitherto hardly equalled in American art. There is a portrait by Mr. A. F. Bellows, No. 199, also, which seems very much in advance of Mr. Bellows's average painting. But with these, and perhaps a few other exceptions, the collection is a most feeble one.

At Knoedler's Gallery there is a collection of portraits, in water-color and oil, together with a number of etchings and engravings in mezzotint, by the English artist, Mr. Hubert Herkomer, which are of far higher character than anything that we habitually see in New York. Among them is a portrait of Mr. Ruskin, in water-colors, which, for beauty of color and subtlety of drawing, may be justly ranked with the best art of any time or country. It is good, also, as a likeness—better, a great deal, in this respect, than the mezzotint engraving made from it which was exhibited here some time ago. The oil work of Mr. Herkomer is strong and manly, but it lacks something in refinement, and it has not the living variety and beauty of color for which the Ruskin portrait is so remarkable. The least excellent in the series is, we think, the portrait of Mr. Lowell. This is comparatively foul in color and slovenly in execution. Indeed, Mr. Herkomer, in his oil work, leans rather too much toward the loose and sloppy modern methods of execution. But he is a true artist, and every piece of his work bears more or less impress of earnest purpose and high capacity. In his etchings and mezzotints there is much beauty; but in these, as in the oil portraits, we detect more of the coarse modern methods than is compatible with the just expression of Mr. Herkomer's refined artistic powers.

HENRY HOLT & Co.'s

New and Standard Books.

Symonds's Renaissance in Italy:

The Age of the Despots. \$3 50. Revival of Learning. \$3 50. The Fine Arts. \$3 50. Italian Literature. 2 vols., \$7.

Von Falcke's Greece and Rome. Superbly illustrated. Quarto, \$15.

Doyle's English Colonies in America. \$3 50.

Cory's Guide to Modern English History. Part 1, \$2; Part 2, \$3 50.

Christ's Christianity. \$1 25.

Fanny Kemble's Records of Later Life. \$2 50.

Heine's Romantic School. \$1 50.

Lady Jackson's Old Regime. \$2 25.

Burdette's Life of William Penn. \$1 25.

Taine's Works.

Mill's Works.

Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Common Things. \$3.

Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places. \$3 50.

Young Folks' History of the War for the Union. \$2 75.

On Horseback, in the School, and on the Road. \$1 50.

Game of Twenty Questions. 90 cents.

In LEISURE-HOUR SERIES (\$1 each):

Hardy's Two on a Tower.

Mrs. Parr's Robin.

Stephen-on's New Arabian Nights.

Mrs. Alexander's Look Before You Leap.

Kinley Hollow. A New England Story.

SCRIBNER & WELFORD

Offer the following Superbly Illustrated Works to the Public, confident that in intrinsic merit, permanent value, and sumptuous appearance, they are unequalled as appropriate Holiday Gifts:

FLORENCE.—Its History—The Medici—Its Scholars, Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, etc. By Charles Yriarte, author of 'Venice,' etc. Illustrated by over 500 photographs and engravings. 1 vol. folio, richly bound in cloth extra, gilt edges, morocco backs, \$20; or in full morocco, \$28.

THE HISTORY OF FASHION in France; or, The Dress of Women from the Gallo-Roman Period to the Present Time. From the French of Augustin Challamel. By Mrs. Casbel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. 1 vol. imperial 8vo, with 21 richly-colored and illuminated plates, handsomely bound, imitation of satin-wood, and gilt, \$10.

JAPANESE ARTS: A Description of the Architecture, Decorative Arts, and Art Industries of Japan from Personal Observation. By Christopher Dresser, Ph.D., F.L.S., etc. Square 8vo, with 202 illustrations, stamped crash binding, gilt top, net, \$10.

This is the only book published on Japanese Art Manufactures, which Dr. Dresser went to Japan purposely to study, and no one can understand the subject or buy judiciously without knowing this book. The illustrations are by Japanese artists, and the best ever done.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON ENGLISH Society. Sketches from Life, Social and Satirical. By F. C. Grenville-Murray. Illustrated with nearly 300 engravings. Second edition. 1 vol. 8vo, 450 pages, \$4.

ANCIENT GREEK FEMALE Costume. Illustrated by a series of 112 full-page plates and about 30 smaller illustrations. With explanatory letterpress and illustrative passages from Homer, Hesiod, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, Herodotus, Euripides, Aristophanes, Xenophon, Theocritus, Plutarch, and Lucian. Selected and arranged by J. Moir Smith. Crown 8vo, cloth, \$3.

BELT AND SPUR. Stories of the Knights of the Middle Ages from the Old Chronicles. With 16 illuminations. 12mo, cloth, \$2.

"Whatever this publishing season may yet have in store for us, we venture to prophesy that it can yield no gift-book more entirely welcome than this."—*Academy*.

STORIES FROM LIVY. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, author of 'Stories from Herodotus,' 'Homer,' 'Virgil,' 'Greek Tragedians,' 'Lucian,' 'Josephus,' 'Persian War,' etc. With 16 illustrations in colors after Pinelli. 12mo, cloth, \$2.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN of Queen Anne. Taken from original sources. By John Ashton, author of 'Chap Books of the Eighteenth Century,' etc. With 64 illustrations by the author from contemporary prints. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$9.

THE ROYAL DUKES AND Princesses of the Family of George III.: A View of Court Life and Manners for Seventy Years, 1700-1830. By Percy Fitzgerald, author of 'History of the English Stage,' 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$9.

PARIS IN PERIL. Edited by Henry Vizetelly, author of 'Story of the Diamond Necklace,' etc. With illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$9.

ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS OF STANDARD WORKS.

1. **NAPOLÉON BUONAPARTE,** Life of. By J. G. Lockhart. With nine illustrations in Permanent Photography and numerous Woodcuts. 8vo, cloth, gilt, \$8.

2. **WELLINGTON, LIFE OF.** By W. H. Maxwell. A new edition, revised, condensed, and completed. With twelve illustrations in Permanent Photography, numerous woodcuts, and plan of the Battle of Waterloo. 8vo, cloth, gilt, \$3.

3. **THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS** from this world to that which is to come. By John Bunyan. With 12 illustrations by Thomas Stothard, R.A., reproduced in Permanent Photography. Demy 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt edges, \$3.

4. **ROBINSON CRUSOE,** The Life and Adventures of. By Daniel Defoe. With a memoir of the author, and twelve illustrations by T. Stothard, R.A., in Permanent Photography. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, \$3.

5. **ROYAL CHARACTERS FROM** the Works of Sir Walter Scott. Historical and Romantic. With twelve illustrations in Permanent Photography. Demy 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt edges, \$3.

6. **THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.** By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated with twelve Permanent Photographs, from paintings by Mulready, Macise, and other eminent British artists. 8vo, cloth, gilt, \$3.

*The above books are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent upon receipt of advertised price. Catalogues of rare and curious second-hand books, and detailed lists of our regular stock, will be sent on application by

SCRIBNER & WELFORD,
745 Broadway, New York.

STANDARD BOOKS

SUITABLE FOR

Holiday Presents.

ARNOLD. The Poetical Works of Matthew Arnold. American Edition, 1 vol. 12mo, \$2; English Edition, 2 vols. 12mo, \$5.

BLAKE. Life of William Blake. With selections from his Poems and other Writings. Illustrated from Blake's own blocks. By Alexander Gilchrist. New edition. 2 vols. 8vo, \$15.

BROWNING. Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning. First and Second Series. 12mo, each, \$2.25.

CLOUGH. The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough. With a Memoir. 12mo, \$2.

— The Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough. Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. 12mo, \$4.

COLERIDGE. The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 4 vols. foolscap 8vo, \$9.

FINLAY. The History of Greece from its Conquest by the Romans to the Present Time. By George Finlay. New edition. Edited by H. F. Tozer. 7 vols. 8vo, \$17.50.

FREEMAN. The History of the Norman Conquest of England. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D. 6 vols. 8vo, American Ed., \$20.

HODGKIN. Italy and Her Invaders, A.D. 370-170. By T. Hodgkin. 2 vols. 8vo, \$8.

STUBBS. The Constitutional History of England, in its Origin and Development. By William Stubbs, D.D. Library Ed., 3 vols. 8vo, \$12.

PLATO. The Dialogues, translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions. By E. Jowett, M.A. New edition. 5 vols. 8vo, \$17.50.

KINGSLEY. Novels. By Charles Kingsley. Everyday Edition. 11 vols. foolscap 8vo, \$19. Cheap Popular Edition, 6 vols. 12mo, each, \$1.

KINGSLEY. Poems. By Charles Kingsley. Complete collected edition. 12mo, \$2.

— The Heroes; Greek Fairy-Tales for My Children. By Charles Kingsley. 12mo, \$1.50.

MILTON. The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Memoir, by Prof. Masson. With portraits. 3 vols. fcap. 8vo, \$5.

OLIPHANT. The Literary History of England in the end of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. 12mo, \$3.

"We should be puzzled, indeed, to name any similar works of more entrancing interest or of more general utility. Exposition rather than searching criticism is the purpose of the book."—*New York Tribune*.

GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES.

Selected Volumes. Each, \$1.25.

PALGRAVE. The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems.

PLATO. The Republic. Translated by Davies and Vaughan.

HARE. Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers.

ARNOLD. Selected Poems. By Matthew Arnold.

SHAKESPEARE. Songs and Sonnets.

WORDSWORTH. Poems. Chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold.

SHELLEY. Poems. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke.

BYRON. Poems. Chosen and arranged by Matthew Arnold.

LANDOR. Selections from his Writings. Edited by Sidney Colvin.

MACMILLAN & CO.,
112 Fourth Avenue, New York.

New Holiday Books

PUBLISHED BY

Geo. Routledge & Sons

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

GEO. MACDONALD'S NOVELS.

With illustrations on wood and steel. Being the first collected uniform edition of this author's writings. 18 vols. 12mo, cloth, per set, \$27; per volume, \$1.50.

"A mine of original and quaint similitudes. Their deep perceptions of human nature are certainly remarkable."—*The Century Magazine*.

PAN-PIPES. Newly arranged, and with accompaniments by Theo. Marzials, set to pictures by Walter Crane. Engraved and printed in colors by Edmund Evans. \$3.50.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT'S Graphic Pictures. A Collection of Mr. Caldecott's contributions to the *Graphic*. Printed in colors by Edmund Evans. \$3.

KATE GREENAWAY'S NEW Book. An Almanac for 1883. 32mo, fancy cover, printed in colors by Edmund Evans. Boards, 50 cents; leather, 90 cents; cloth, gilt edges, \$1.

CALDECOTT'S TOY-BOOKS. New Volumes. Each, 50 cents. I. THE MILK-MAID. II. HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE AND BABY BUNTING "A Treasure for the Young Folks."

THE CHILDREN'S CIRCUS and Menagerie Picture-Book. An entirely new volume. With many illustrations in colors and plain, drawn especially for this work by J. E. Kelly and others. Imperial 4to, picture boards, \$2.

"Here is the whole raree show: the trick mule, the monkey race, Jumbo, the canine gambols, and, as a child would look at the pictures, the 'Whoop-la!' of the clown would certainly ring in his ears."—*NEW YORK TIMES*.

WARRIOR KINGS. From Charles-
magne to Frederick the Great. By Lady Lamb. With numerous woodcuts. 8vo, cloth, \$2.

FERDINAND'S ADVENTURE. A new volume of Fairy Tales. By E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen. With 24 full-page illustrations by Ernest Griset. \$1.75.

THE BOYS AND I. A Child's Story for Children. By Mrs. Molesworth. With 12 illustrations. \$1.25.

TRAVELERS' TALES. A Book of Marvels. By the Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A. With 12 illustrations by A. W. Cooper. \$1.25.

ROUTLEDGE'S EVERY BOY'S Annual for 1883. Edited by Edmund Routledge, F.R.G.S. With illustrations and 12 colored plates. (Twenty-first year.) \$2.50.

ROUTLEDGE'S EVERY GIRL'S Annual for 1883. Edited by Alicia Amy Leith. With illustrations and 12 plates printed in colors. (Fifth year of publication.) \$2.50.

LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE FOR 1883. By Mrs. Sale Barker. With 132 colored illustrations by M. E. Edwards, M. Kerns, F. A. Fraser, F. Barraud, Gordon Browne, Charlotte Weekes, L. Hopkins, and A. C. Corbould. Cloth, gilt edges, \$2.50; boards, \$1.75.

JUMBO'S PICTURE-BOOK OF Natural History. With 32 large full-page illustrations by F. Specht. Printed on highly-finished plate paper. Imperial 4to, cloth, \$2; boards, \$1.50.

JEANNETTE: A Story of the Huguenots. By the author of 'The Rose Garden.' With 6 illustrations by F. A. Fraser. \$1.25.

DINGLEFIELD. By Mrs. O'Reilly, author of 'Girls of the Square.' With 6 illustrations by A. C. Corbould. \$1.25.

THE NEW HOUSE THAT JACK Built. By Mrs. Willoughby Luxton. With 6 illustrations by M. E. Edwards. \$1.25.

*Any book sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, or can be had of all booksellers.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
9 Lafayette Place, New York.

